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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. Meikle, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays. 12, '10

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall. 2, '12

KENWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—Sidney D. Harvey, Chancellor Commander; Robert H. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays. 12, '10

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P. Sir Knight Captain F. A. C. Stuart. J. W. Schwartz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays. 2, '11

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 26, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Krivetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays

I. J. JOSEPHSON LODGE; President, Jos. Daniels; Treasurer, Daniel Rosen; meets 1st and 3d Sundays.

Local Matters.

Inspecting Fire Apparatus.

Mayor MacLeod, the members of the board of aldermen, Chief Kirwin and a few others went to Boston last Saturday to look into the matter of fire engines, particular attention being paid to automobile apparatus. The representative council authorized the purchase of an automobile chemical engine, and also a horse-drawn steamer, and the latter subject has been much discussed, since. The trip to Boston was at the suggestion of the American La France Company.

The party was first taken to the Belmont fire headquarters and looked over a new triple combination machine, such as some have advocated for Newport. This is a hose wagon, pumping machine and chemical combined. A road exhibition was given and then there was a test of the pumping capacity, there being apparently plenty of power.

At Waltham a combination chemical and hose wagon was inspected. This is practically the type that has been authorized by the council, and the one seen there seemed to fill the bill. At Brighton an inspection was made of an automobile hook and ladder truck, and all were pleased with it.

Besides seeing these various pieces of apparatus in actual service, the Newport party also visited the automobile Show where many other makes of automobile fire apparatus were looked over, although the inspection could not be as thorough as that seen in actual use.

On Wednesday evening, the board of aldermen met with the board of firewards at headquarters, and had a chance to show how much knowledge they had acquired by their trip to Boston, and other study of fire apparatus. Representatives of various firms were present to further explain the merits of their products. Each was allowed ten minutes for straight talk, and it was agreed that the prices submitted should not be in the nature of bids but only a basis for comparison. In consequence the session was a long one, but the members of the board acquired much further data with which to fortify themselves. The agents left further details with the board in writing for further study.

At the conclusion of this part of the meeting, the board looked over various matters regarding fire department purchases authorized by the council, and provided to carry them into effect. The Chief Engineer and the board of firewards were authorized to procure bids for certain supplies, while in the matter of buying horses Aldermen Leddy and Hughes were made a committee to act with the department.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt spent Easter at Oakland Farm, accompanied by Mr. Dennie Hare. They left on Monday for New York, to return to England where they left their baby when they started on their flying trip to Newport. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt will spend the early season in England, but will come to Oakland Farm in August and will probably remain until late fall. It is the intention of Mr. Vanderbilt to take part in the Newport Horse Show this year, which will be a very pleasing announcement for all interested in horses.

Two Fires.

There was a rather unusual coincidence in the way of fires in Newport last Sunday night, the same box being pulled twice during the night for two different fires, the same man pulling the box on each occasion. Both fires were more than minor, and the losses were considerable.

It was shortly after nine o'clock Sunday evening that fire was discovered in the office of the building occupied by the Newport Provision Company, Avard L. Marshall manager, on Washington street. Watchman Peters pulled box 123 on the Old Colony round house, and the department responded promptly, but the whole interior of the building seemed to be a mass of flames. Streams were turned on quickly and the fiercest of the fire was soon drowned out, but a great deal of cutting was necessary before the men could be sure that there was no more fire among the partitions, so that a part of the department was on the scene until about 11 o'clock.

When the fire was first discovered it had made great headway, and the office was aflame in every part. How it started is not positively known, but it is said that a heating stove may have been responsible. There was not a great deal of stock in the building, but a car load of meat was on the track beside the storehouse ready to be unloaded Monday morning. A locomotive was attached to this as soon as the fire was discovered and it was quickly removed from the danger zone. A high wind prevailed during the night, and many persons were nervous for fear of a spread of the flames, but they were soon under control. Manager Marshall was out of town, having been called away to attend the funeral of a relative.

It was about 8 o'clock Monday morning that a still was sounded, closely followed by the striking of box 123 by Watchman Peters, for another fire in the Long wharf district. This was for a fire in the place formerly owned by the late George Brown, and now run by Lamprox Brown. There is an addition in the rear of the main building, containing a hot water heater. Brown was awakened by a crash from the heater and, finding the house full of smoke, sent in an alarm. When the department arrived, the addition was burning fiercely, but a few streams of water sufficed to drown the fire out. It had worked into the main building to some extent, and again the firemen had to work hard with their axes to be certain that the fire was not smouldering between the partitions. The damage to the building was considerable but was covered by insurance. There was no insurance on the stock and furnishings, and the loss there will be considerable.

It is supposed that the heater was not properly installed and that the flooring underneath it caught fire and finally burned through, allowing the heater to fall.

During the progress of this fire the neighbors felt considerable alarm from the sparks of the steam fire engines. The wind was blowing a gale and a constant watch had to be kept to prevent other fires from starting from the mass of sparks that were hurled against other buildings from the stacks of the engines. The steamers were removed from the danger zone as soon as possible.

An Operatic Concert.

Those who attended the operatic concert at Masonic Hall on Tuesday evening, enjoyed a rare treat. There was a fair sized audience, but the hall was not crowded as the character of the music would well have justified. Still, there are many in Newport who do appreciate real music and these were quick to express their gratitude to Mr. James H. Barney for bringing these musicians here. This was not the first operatic concert that Mr. Barney has arranged and there have been none so far that have been below standard.

The artists on Tuesday evening were Miss Elvira Leveroni, contralto, of the Boston Opera Company, and Miss Alice Eldridge, pianist, of Boston. All the selections of both these artists were received with applause and they were extremely generous in responding to encores. It was a genuine treat, both for those educated in music, and also for those who merely enjoy it without being able to give a reason why.

The annual meeting of the Island Cemetery Company was held on Monday evening, President Robert S. Franklin presiding. A well deserved tribute was paid to the able services of Andrew K. McMahon who had been the active superintendent for many years.

Frank Swift, a well known resident of Newport, was found dead in the loft of Easton's stable on Wednesday. He was known as "Dean" Swift among his associates.

The New Tax Law and its Effect on Newport.

Bills have been introduced into the General Assembly to partially restore the tax rate on intangible personal property to what it was before the new tax law went into effect. This such a bill should become a law at once is manifest to all except those who are gainers by this law. That the reducing of the rate on intangible personal property was purely for the benefit of the rich taxpayers is evident from the result in this city. We give below a list of our large taxpayers whose property is affected by the law, and it can be seen at a glance what each one saved between 1911, under the old rate, and 1912, under the new law.

In Newport there are in round numbers twelve millions of intangible personal property. To get the same tax at the four dollar a thousand flat rate it would be necessary to increase this amount to some forty millions, which everybody knows is an impossibility. Again, everybody knows that there is much more wealth in Newport in the summer time, but these other people are non-residents and cannot be taxed for intangible personal property. Again, if our intangible personal property could be increased the forty millions necessary to make up the loss occasioned by the reduced rate, it would merely double this city's portion of the State tax and she already pays more in proportion to her wealth than any other city in the State. Whichever horn of the dilemma we may take Newport will be the sufferer.

In the following table, the first column shows the amount of tax paid in 1911, under the old law, the second column the amount paid in 1912, under the new law, and the third column the amount that these persons saved by the change in the law. Thus it will be seen that these comparatively few families saved over $67,000, which the city had to make up by increasing the rate on real estate and tangible personal property.

All these people paid a tax, on their real estate or tangible personal property at the increased rate of $1.80 on $1000, and yet the decrease on the intangible property was so much that they made the saving in their total taxes as shown below.

	Tax 1911	Tax 1912	Amount Saved
Agassiz, Geo. R., et al.	$1845 00	$600 00	$1245 00
Barger, Samuel F.	1090 09	881.88	201.21
Beeckman, Mrs. R. L.	2885.77	2003 44	882.33
Beeckman, R. L.	307.50	236.00	71.50
Binney, Josephine A.	1051 65	668 40	383 25
Brewster, William	246.00	80.00	166.00
Brooke, H. Mortimer	246 00	148 00	98.00
Brooke, Mrs. H. St.	8783.48	6623.76	2159.76
Brown, Mrs. Harold	1230.00	400.00	830.00
Brown, John Nicholas, est.	6150.00	2000 00	4150.00
Brown, Mrs. J. Nicholas	1906.50	620.00	1286 50
Brown, Mrs. J. N. guardian	14537.80	7004 00	7533.80
Brown, Mrs. J. N. et al, trustees	1230 00	400.00	830.00
Buffum, Mrs. William P.	345.63	230 96	114.67
Carroll, Royal Phelps	307.50	100.00	207.50
Clarke, Elizabeth H.	738.00	880.16	857.84
Davis, Theodore M.	2530.11	2177.52	352 59
Drexel, John R.	1230.00	468.00	762.00
Dunn, Kate H.	755.22	478.24	276.98
Dunn, Thomas	184.50	60.00	124.50
Foster, Fanny	1949.55	1571.60	377.95
Frelinghuysen, T. G. et al.	2460.00	800.00	1660.00
Gammell, Robert I.	2678.04	1798.08	880.68
Gammell, Mrs. Robert I.	492.00	160.00	332.00
Gerry, Elbridge T.	7868.81	6056.50	1811.81
Gibbs, Mrs. T. K.	2487.66	1825.28	662.68
Goelet, Mary R. et al.	1845.00	600.00	1245.00
Goelet, Robert	1845.00	600.00	1245.00
Goelet, Robert W.	3690.00	1268.00	2422.00
Hazard, Barclay, exec.	4305.00	1400.00	2905.00
Hunter, Anna F.	1109.45	789.02	319.64
Industrial Trust Co., exec. Audley Clarke estate	2460.00	624.40	1835.60
Jones, Caroline O.	246.00	80.00	166.00
King, Mrs. Leroy	2250.90	1668 61	582 28
King, Fred R.	182 04	72.64	109 40
King, George Gordon	4102.05	3890.72	511.33
King, Georgiana Gordon	369.00	120.00	249.00
King, Leroy	190.65	82.16	108.49
King, Wm Dehon	881.48	468.56	864.92
Leeds, Mrs. W. B.	1230.00	400.00	830.00
Lyman, Annie	1045.50	405.28	640.22
McCagg, Mrs. Louis B.	2849 42	800 00	1849.42
Mason, Ellen T.	3944.61	3199 52	745.09
Norman, Guy and Maxwell, trustees	3942.15	1478 80	2463.35
Norman, Mabel	123 00	40 00	83 00
Norman, Maxwell	131 61	49 52	82.09
Potter, James Brown	615.00	200.00	415.00
Powel, Hope Ives	307.50	100.00	207.50
Grosvenor, J. B. M. est.	1230.00	400.00	830.00
Grosvenor, Rose	615.00	200.00	415.00
Grosvenor, William, est.	4920 00	1600.00	3320.00
Sands, Austin L., est.	922 00	300.00	622.00
Richards, W. T., est.	123.00	40.00	83 00
Rives, Grace W.,	1418.19	1233.44	184 74
Robinson, C. J. F.	123.00	67 20.	55 80
Sands, Julia, exec.	246.00	80.00	166.00
Scott, George S., est.	1437.57	800.00	637.57
Sherman, Mrs. W. W.	4152.48	2259.36	1893.12
Sherman, Sophia Augusta, trustee	5055.30	1644.00	3411.30
Sherman, Sophia Augusta, trustee	537.54	174.80	362.74
Sherman, Irene and Mildred	1614 99	525.20	1189.74
Thomas, Samuel, est.	3690.00	1200.00	2490.00
Van Alen, James L.	307.50	127.20	180.30
Weld, Wm. G., heirs	3671 55	2411.60	1259.95
Wetmore, G. P.	5618.71	5618.86	1000.35
White, Henry	615.00	200.00	415.00
Wysong, John J. est.	1230.00	400.00	830.00
Zaorlskie, Sarah T. est.	2460.00	800.00	1660.00
	$143,881.88	$76,887.14	$67,510.16

Civic Welfare Exhibit.

The Civic Welfare Exhibit has attracted considerable attention at the Rogers High School this week. All hands have worked hard and succeeded admirably in arranging an exhibit that was well worth seeing. Many different phases of city life were treated, so that there was something of interest for everybody. Mrs. Fred M. Hammett was in active charge of the affair, in company with Miss Thomas, the general chairman, and their assistants were all well trained and knew their duties.

On the first floor of the Rogers building there were three rooms in use. The Aquidneck Cottage Industries had a room, showing the immense variety and high grade of work done there. In another room there was a very interesting exhibit of school drawings, made by pupils in the various grades.

On the second floor there were four rooms and the corridors used for exhibits. The Board of Health occupied one room, this including an exhibit also by the Newport Hospital. One room was devoted to education with interesting exhibits of the Public Library children's room, high school commercial classes, and other features. The Civic Room displayed matters relating directly to Newport, including maps, from the street department showing what has been done and is planned for the children and others. The Civic League had an interesting display comparing good and bad features of markets, kitchens, bed rooms, etc. It was a strong object lesson. The recreation room was another interesting place, showing tents and outfits for Boy Scouts and Campfire Girls, and many matters connected with recreation and probation work. The corridors were used to show many of the smaller exhibits, those pertaining particularly to child welfare being effectively grouped.

On the opening night there were several interesting addresses. Major William MacLeod delivered the address of welcome and among the other speakers were Superintendent of Schools H. W. Lull, Rev. Joseph Cooper, Dr. Frederick J. Cotton, and others. There have been explanatory talks, and illustrated lectures each day and evening.

Miss Edith Young Babcock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Babcock, and Mr. Herbert Stewart Holm were married at the residence of Rev. Franklin G. McKeever, D. D., pastor of the Second Baptist Church, on Monday morning. The ceremony was witnessed by immediate relatives and intimate friends only. Mr. and Mrs. Holm are now on their wedding, and on their return will make their home on Bliss road.

Mr. Edward Y. Mason, son of Mr. John B. Mason of Newport, lives at Delaware, Ohio., and his friends are very anxious to hear from him. On the night before the flood he went to Columbus to attend a meeting, and no word has yet come from him.

The City Manuals for 1913, containing much useful matter pertaining to the city government, have just been printed at the MERCURY Office.

Charged with Mail Theft.

Charles H. Peckham, mailing clerk at the Newport Postoffice, was arrested by department inspectors Monday morning, and subsequently was arraigned on a warrant charging embezzlement of a letter. He pleaded not guilty and was released under bail of $1000. The arrest caused quite a sensation in Newport where the defendant is well known and highly respected.

Peckham is one of the first men to reach the local postoffice in the morning, and was at work early Monday morning as usual. Within a short time federal inspectors placed him under arrest and took him to the Newport police station for safe keeping for a time. In the afternoon Deputy United States Marshall Rodman came down from Providence with a warrant issued by United States Commissioner Cross, and Peckham was taken to Providence. There he was placed in the Central Police Station pending his arraignment.

Tuesday morning he was arraigned before Commissioner Cross in the Federal Building in Providence. The warrant charged him with the embezzlement of a letter addressed to Maude Henry at the Hart Theatre, Chicago. He was represented by Mr. F. F. Nolan of this city, and pleaded not guilty to the charge. Bail was then fixed at $1000 and he was released to appear for trial before Judge Brown in the United States District Court in Providence on April 2nd.

Peckham has been employed at the Newport Postoffice for more than 20 years, being first appointed when the late Henry H. Fay was postmaster. He was well liked by all with whom he came in contact, and had a good record in the office. He is married and has three children. His wife was greatly affected by his arrest, the scene in the Police Station here before his departure for Providence being pitiful in the extreme. He has declared his innocence of the charge against him and has expressed his confidence of acquittal when the case goes to trial.

It is understood that postoffice inspectors have been investigating the work in the local office for some time, the building being designed in such a way that they can see all that is going on without being seen themselves.

The defendants in the Shove Mill cases, who were not in the State when indictments were returned against them by the last grand jury, have presented themselves at the Newport County Jail and have filed bonds for their appearance for trial on the first Monday in June. P. J. Murphy, D. J. MacGowan, and D. J. Buckley are the sureties on the bonds.

Mr. James Wood died last week at the residence of his son on Broadway at an advanced age. He was the father of Chief Pharmacist John W. Wood of the Naval Hospital, and had made his home with his son in this city for a number of years. He was quite well known about the city, and was a familiar figure on the street.

Postmaster Robert B. Burlingame of this city and Mrs. Eliza J. French were united in marriage at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., last Saturday, the ceremony being performed at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dietz. Mr. and Mrs. Burlingame have returned to Newport and will reside on Everett street.

John J. Doherty has been sent to the Providence County Jail for thirty days for larceny from Charles H. Sullivan. The offence was committed nearly a year ago, but since that time the prisoner had been out of town, and was recently located in a correctional institution in Massachusetts.

A search was recently instituted in Newport to discover the whereabouts of John V. Walsh who was formerly employed here. He had fallen heir to the snug sum of $38,000, left by an uncle, and the executors had a long search to locate him. He was finally found in New Bedford.

Private Wallace F. Gamble of Fort Greble has been awarded a certificate of merit for bravery in saving the life of Corporal Grimes who fell overboard from the ferry boat at West Jamestown on February 22 last.

Commodore and Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry are expected at their Newport residence early in July. They will go abroad the first of May for a short stay before coming here.

Dr. Charles D. Easton entertained his fiancee, Miss Margaret B. Hays, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Hays, of New York, over Easter.

Several large flocks of wild geese have been seen going north within the past week. This is encouraging.

Mr. Edward Wyman Higbee, Jr., of New York, spent Easter with his parents in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael M. Van Beuren spent Easter at Sunnyfields Farm with a party of guests.

Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen had a busy session on Thursday evening. James Connell filed notice of a claim for $2000 damages for being struck by the Hook & Ladder truck.

The contract for printing the City Documents and Tax List went to the MERCURY Publishing Company, the lowest bidder. Quarry matters were talked over, but no definite action was taken.

A playground expert, from out of the city, addressed the board on the subject of developing the new playgrounds, and then bids were opened for the sale of the $30,000 playground bonds. They went to Curtis & Sanger of Boston at $97.33.

There was a little more talk about fire apparatus, a representative of the Robinson Company explaining the machines made by his company. No action has as yet been taken, and the whole matter may go back to the council for reconsideration.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

A class of 8 was taken in on probation at the afternoon service at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Easter Day, also two by letter from Newport and one from Portsmouth. Rev. Elward E. Wells made a helpful address, and there was special music by an augmented choir. It having been decided by the Official Board to have a new church organ the work of removal was begun on Monday last. Mr. Maugler of Providence, had the parts down in two days and ready for shipment to his new quarters in the M. E. Church Portsmouth. The new instrument, which was ordered last November of the Muller Organ Co., Hagerstown, Penna., is expected at an early date. As it is likely to take some three weeks to install it, services will be held in the meantime in the Sunday School room. The new organ is to cost $2000 and will be operated by electricity. The old instrument was purchased for $450 in 1866 and had seen considerable use previous to its removal to Middletown. It was first placed in a gallery at the rear of the church and in 1885, when the church was remodelled, it was removed to the east side of the pulpit. It was again taken down five years ago when the old church was demolished and reinstated at the west side of the pulpit.

While operating a corncheller Monday at his father's farm on Paradise avenue, James H. Barker, Jr., nearly severed a portion of the thumb on the left hand. He was hurried at once to the Newport Hospital where every precaution was taken to prevent blood-poisoning. The thumb was so badly lacerated that it was first thought it would have to be taken off, but Mr. Barker has returned home and the conditions seem to point to a satisfactory recovery. In view of the death of the elder son, Stephen C. Barker, last November, as the result of an accident to his hand from the corn husking machine, the family was greatly alarmed by the occurrence. The family has been subjected to an unusual amount of distress since last fall.

Stephen C. Barker's widow and infant son (born after his death,) have been quarantined for nine weeks with diphtheria in the cottage where Mr. and Mrs. Barker began housekeeping. Mrs. Barker has fully recovered from the disease but is in a weakened condition from the strain.

There were large congregations at all the churches on Easter Sunday, and the floral decorations were beautiful. In the morning, at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, Rev. Arthur N. Peaslee was the preacher and there was a celebration of Holy Communion by the rector, Rev. Latta Griswold, assisted by Rev. John B. Dimon. Special music was rendered by the vested choir from St. George's School under their musical director, Robert W. Hughes. In the evening Rev. Mr. Griswold was the preacher.

The marriage is announced of Miss Elsie M. Petzka, elder daughter of Mr. Edward M. Petzka, to Thomas Lewis Sorrell of Kentucky, Chief Yeoman on the U. S. S. Wyoming. The ceremony was performed in Newport, Mr. and Mrs. Sorrell leaving soon after for a three week's visit to the groom's relatives in Kentucky. They will make their home here, Mr. Sorrell having leased Mr. Petzka's house. Mr. Petzka will reside with them.

The services at the Church of the Holy Cross on Easter Day were held in the afternoon and were preceded by a special service for the children. The rector, Rev. F. W. Goodman, gave a pleasing talk to the Sunday School, and afterwards delivered the sermon at the regular service. Although able to attend to his usual duties he does not seem to recover his strength from his recent illness.

Mr. Philip Caswell gave an illustrated talk upon his recent trip to the Panama Canal before Aquidneck Grange at the town hall Thursday evening. The lantern was operated by Dr. W. C. Stoddard of Newport.

Following the cottage Epworth League service recently held with Mr. and Mrs. George Irish, Rev. E. E. Wells was tendered a surprise party in honor of his birthday.

The party from Washington Commandery, some fifty strong, including ladies, will start on their pilgrimage to Washington and Atlantic City next Wednesday night, leaving Newport by the New York boat. Washington will be reached Thursday afternoon and the party will remain there until Saturday noon, when a start will be made for Atlantic City. Saturday night will be spent there and Sunday night the party will start for home by the Fall River Line.

OUR LIFE SAVERS.

Humble Heroes Who Do Brave Work Along Our Coast.

DARING DEEDS IN THE SURF.

Battle With the Giant Combers and Icy Seas When a Storm Wrecked Vessel Offers the Fearless Guards a Chance to Rescue a Human Being.

Through a bleak February night a storm was raging up the Atlantic seaboard. All along the coast the life guards were out, hunching into the gale, patrolling the beaches, alert for signs of disaster. Just before midnight one of them east of Bellport station, on Long Island, saw a schooner floundering in the gray spindrift offshore. It was the Benjamin Cromwell, and as the alarm swept down the beach the crews of three stations hurried to the scene. Their work was to take seven men from the rigging of the wrecked vessel.

All efforts through the night and the forenoon following failed. The wind was too high. Then at noon the schooner's masts, except the foremast, on which all of the crew save one had taken refuge, crashed overboard. This mast went down in a welter of wreckage, and to those on shore it seemed as if he must surely be battered to death, but as the breakers raced in they saw him clinging to a plank that had been swept away with him.

A furious surf was running, and timber with which the Cromwell had been laden was pitched up on the beach. To add to the danger thick ice cakes, heaved by the breakers, lifted their jagged ends high in the air and crashed down, splintering one upon the other, and always the awful drive of snow and sleet, ripping the onrushing waves into tatters of foam and spindrift. Surely no man could live in that.

Instinctively the life savers moved nearer the edge of the surf and peered ahead for some sign of life. The beach was fringed with skim ice, sharp and pointed, that cut through rubber boots and clothing as if through parchment. Helpless to aid the man whom they knew must be plunging somewhere out in that angry water, they huddled together as men will when a lifeless body is about to be cast up before them. They heard ice and wreckage grind harshly; scattered debris washed up to their feet. Brave men all, yet they saw nothing to do. They knew not to what lengths the ocean would go before giving up its victim.

At this juncture a figure sprang from among them and, wrapping a line about his waist, ran to the edge of the surf. He was Frank Rayner of the Blue Point station, and he was about to commit what the other surfmen instinctively told themselves was suicide. The service demands courage, not foolhardiness. For a moment Keeper Rorke hesitated, undecided whether to order Rayner back to the beach or not, but he couldn't find it in his heart to do it. It was a venture too heroic, too splendid.

They watched Rayner as he stood in the whirl of icy spray awaiting his chance. He was half naked. His clothes he had thrown off as he ran. The cold, biting into his flesh, tortured him. Still the chance held off. Then it came—the bit of wreckage, the clinging sailor, crashing into the boiling breakers, and Rayner dashed forward.

Foot by foot through that roaring tumult of water, of plunging beams and timber, dodging the splintered spars that, leaping from giant combers, made as if to pin him, Rayner worked toward his man. To those on shore he was hidden the greater part of the time. Finally they saw his head bob above a big billow. Near him floated the wreckage bearing its stiff, motionless burden. The next instant Rayner vanished, swept under by a tremendous wave.

From the huddled group on shore men started forward, but Albert Latham, also of the Blue Point station, was first to plunge into the tumbling seas. Tearing through them, he reached Rayner, who, just cresting a breaker, snatched at the sailor, now unconscious. And together these heroes of the coast hauled their man through the rearing timbers and ice to the beach and to safety.

Not ten minutes later the Cromwell broke in pieces. From shore the life savers saw men fall from the rigging, five of them, who fell, one by one, like black plummets into the sea. One remained aboard. Then he went, too—a dark form clinging to the wrecked mast, now adrift. And again Rayner and Latham plunged into the surf.

Now, weakened by their efforts and the cold, they faced an even harder task. The man torn from the mast nearly drowned them with his frenzied struggling. For twenty minutes the uneven fight between the sailor and the surf on one side and the two weakened life savers on the other was waged. Then a great green comber lifted beneath them and bore all three through the foaming sea to the shore.

For weeks Latham lay abed, and Rayner never performed duty again. Subsequently commended by Washington, they considered that honor sufficient.

Such is the typical life saver, the man who patrols the coasts from Bangor to Galveston, from Seattle to Los Angeles. He's a part of a wonderful system.—New York Sun.

Never excuse a wrong action by saying that some one else does the same thing.—Franklin.

An Alternative.

Mrs. Newlywed—Do you think my cooking is improved, dearie? Hubby—Well, either that or the druggist is selling me a better brand of pepsin.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Learn to see in another one's calamity the ills which you should avoid.—Publius Syrus.

CHECKMATING JUSTICE.

An Inside View of the Way Criminal Cases Are Handled.

In "Courts, Criminals and the Camorra" Arthur Train, the author, once an assistant district attorney in New York city, says that our present system of administering justice offers no deterrent to the embryonic or professional criminal. The administration of justice is a clever game between judge and lawyer in which the moves are made with a view to checkmating justice, not in the trial courtroom, but before the appellate tribunal two or three years hence.

"My young feller," said a grizzled veteran of the criminal bar to me long years ago after our jury had gone out, "there's lots of things in this game you ain't got on to yet. Do you think I care what this jury does? Not one mite. I got a nice little error into the case the very first day, and I've set back ever since. S'pose we are convicted? I'll get Jim here [the prisoner] out on a certificate, and it'll be two years before the court of appeals will get around to the case. Meantime Jim'll be out makin' money to pay me my fee. Won't you, Jim?

"Then your witnesses will be gone, and nobody'll remember what on earth it's all about. You'll be down in Wall street practicin' real law yourself, and the indictment will kick around the office for a year or so, all covered with dust, and then some day I'll get a friend of mine to come in quietly and move to dismiss. And it'll be dismissed. Don't you worry! Why, a thousand other murders will have been committed in this county by the time that happens. Bless your soul, you can't go on tryin' the same man forever! Give the other fellers a chance. You shake your head? Well, it's a fact. I've been doin' it for forty years. You'll see."

And I did. That may not be why men kill, but perhaps it may have something to do with it.

PAINTING A HORSE.

The Scheme That Delighted Detaille Upset Meissonier.

In other days, on the Boulevard Malesherbes, Edouard Detaille and Meissonier, his master, lived in adjoining houses. Their workshops almost touched each other. It happened that Detaille was painting some cavalrymen furiously charging the enemy. He found it necessary to excite the horse posing as a model to give the appearance of a frenzied gallop. But it was in vain that the jockey, who held the bridle, smacked his tongue; the animal drowsed.

Detaille then ordered another domestic to strike upon a Chinese gong. For fully five minutes the horse was terribly frightened, and the painter was delighted. But the animal soon became accustomed to the tomtom and drowsed again. To draw the valiant steed from his torpor it was necessary to strike the bronze disk with greater force. This was done. It was as if a cannon was being fired.

On the other side of the wall Meissonier was painting, quite gently, Napoleon I. mounted upon a white horse. In repose, observing in the distance the catastrophes of an immense battle. He had mounted a horseman in a gray redingote upon the beast that served as a model. As the blows were struck on the gong in the atelier of Detaille the imperial mount shook and snorted in a fiery way, which was far from pleasing to Meissonier.

So he visited his pupil, and an arrangement was effected. Detaille was to paint his galloping horse in the morning and Meissonier his unmoving steed in the afternoon. It was in this way that Napoleon I. was enabled to keep a firm seat in the saddle.—Cri de Paris.

Advertising Overlooked.

It was shortly before the funeral of a well known person, and a certain manager had just placed a wreath in as conspicuous a position as possible. But he didn't like the look of the very small card attached thereto, and so he fastened on one considerably larger, with "From the —— theater" on it.

"How does that look now?" he said to one of his company who stood near. "Oh, it's all right," responded the actor, whose sense of humor is just as great as his unquestioned dramatic ability, "but why not add, 'Every evening at 8?'"—Pelican.

A Mighty Nimrod.

An Arkansas hunter fired one shot at a flock of ducks and brought down three. They fell in the river. He ran downstream to where there was a log and, holding to it, caught the ducks as they floated down. As he stood in the water fish wedged into the legs of his trousers so tightly that as he waded ashore a button flew off and killed a rabbit that was sitting on the bank.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

No, He Wasn't Full.

"I wouldn't shave myself today," said she quietly.

"Want to insinuate that I've been drinking, eh?" he stormed.

"Not at all, but that isn't a cup of lather you brought in from the kitchen just now. That's a charlotte russe."—Washington Herald.

In Different Divisions.

"The man who runs that store has got the right idea, all right."

"How so?"

"He advertises, 'Bagpipes and musical instruments.'"—Houston Post.

One Kind of a Compliment.

She—I envy Miss Payne. She plays so well that one forgets how she looks. He—But you look so well that one forgets how you play.—London Opinion.

His Sense of Humor.

"Don't some of the decorations on women's hats amuse you?"

"Yes. The plumes especially tickle me very much."—Woman's Home Companion.

It is generally the idle who complain they cannot find time to do that which they fancy they wish.—Lubbock.

SIGNS OF SICKNESS

Symptoms That May Alarm and Yet May Not Be Serious.

CAUSED BY SIMPLE AILMENTS.

Spots Before the Eyes, For Instance, May Mean Brain Disease, but the Chances Are Thousands to One That They Arise From Some Slight Cause.

A doctor, writing in London Answers, says:

People often come to me nowadays in very great dread, because they hear ringing in the ears, see spots before the eyes, or suffer from some other symptom which they suppose to signify serious disease.

Nearly always I find that something very slight, or nothing at all, is the matter; but I do not always succeed in so convincing my patients.

These groundless fears make a great many people so nervous and miserable that an explanation of a few of the commonest symptoms of ill health may be of some service.

Noises in the ear, as of bells ringing, whistles blowing, hooters sounding, etc., most commonly arise from nervous exhaustion, slight lucrease of the blood supply of the brain, caused by a fit of flatulent indigestion, temporary thickening of part of the ear and nervous strain. All these are not of the least account and should cause no alarm.

No doubt some really serious disease, such as enlargement of the heart muscles does sometimes exist. But every one who feels alarm about his health should remember that almost any dangerous illness will show itself unmistakably, not by one, but by half a dozen symptoms.

Spots before the eyes may signify brain disease, but the chances are one hundred thousand to one that only some very slight cause is responsible, such as a torpid liver, weariness of the nervous system, insufficient sleep or some little congestion of the brain.

Flashes in the eyes form another source of anxiety, and they are really very startling. But, while sometimes due to eye disease, one of the commonest causes is catarrh of the stomach.

Another little eye trouble is blurred vision, which makes a nervous person think he is becoming blind. It may, of course, be due to bad sight; but, happening now and again, it is usually caused by a sluggish liver or nervous dyspepsia.

Shortness of breath gives rise to extreme distress, for the first thought is of consumption. But this is an effect of a multitude of disorders, great and small. Congestion of the liver, anaemia, obesity may cause it. It is common in chronic bronchitis—a troublesome, but by no means dangerous disease.

Sometimes, of course, it signifies more serious maladies. But then there are many other symptoms to tell the tale.

Dizziness nine times out of ten results from a disordered digestion, catarrh of the stomach especially, or from sluggishness of the liver, jaundice or temporary decrease of the blood supply of the brain. I find my patients who thus suffer turn their thoughts at once to something very grave, such as locomotor ataxia or Menlere's disease.

Confusion of mind and sleeplessness give rise to the fear of approaching insanity.

It is really wonderful how people always seize on the most fearsome explanation. But sleeplessness may be due to a hundred and one trifles and is most commonly the result of some very innocent cause.

It may be occasioned by nervous dyspepsia or catarrh of the stomach, torpid liver, excitement of the brain from overwork, tea or coffee taken late in the evening, too much smoking, too heavy bedclothes, cold feet, a badly ventilated room. I could go on for an hour writing the common causes of this trouble.

Confusion of mind may result from too little sleep, a torpid liver, indigestion, too little or too much blood in the brain and other minor things that are of no real consequence. Drowsiness makes some people think they are in for softening of the brain or some other dreadful disease. It most often arises from slow digestion, an inactive liver or from temporary decrease of the blood supply of the brain. The commonest cause of all these, though, is an oversensitive nervous system.

Occasionally, no doubt, confusion of the mind or drowsiness may be a symptom of diabetes or other serious disease, but such cases, it may be said, are the exception.

In all these cases the only sensible rule is to put an isolated symptom down to some simple and harmless cause. If there is anything seriously wrong it will make itself known by many symptoms.

"No doubt any of the things enumerated above may be the first sign of something of real gravity; but the chances are thousands to one that the cause is a mere trifle.

Which?

"If you feel chilly," said he as they strolled, "remember I have your shawl here on my arm." "You might put it around me," she said demurely.—Philadelphia Press.

I'll not confer with sorrow till tomorrow, but joy shall have her way this very day.—T. B. Aldrich.

Didn't Have to Look.

Dr. Crabbe had almost succeeded in dismissing Mrs Gussoway when she stopped in the doorway, exclaiming, "Why, doctor, you didn't look to see if my tongue was coated!"

"I know it isn't," said the doctor wearily. "You never find grass on a race track."—Judge.

ROSSMORE'S BANSHEE.

Its Terrifying Wail Heralded the Death of His Father.

In "Things I Can Tell" Lord Rossmore relates that he himself was born in Dublin in 1853. His father was the third Baron Rossmore, who married Miss Josephine Lloyd of Farrinrory, County Tipperary, and whose death was duly heralded by the banshee:

"Robert Rossmore was on terms of great friendship with Sir Jonah and Lady Barrington, and once when they met at a Dublin drawing room Rossmore persuaded the Barringtons to come over the next day to Mount Kennedy, where he was then living. As the invited guests proposed to rise early they retired to bed in good time and slept soundly until 2 o'clock in the morning, when Sir Jonah was awakened by a wild and plaintive cry. He lost no time in rousing his wife, and the scared couple got up and opened the window, which looked over the grass plot beneath.

"It was a moonlight night, and the objects around the house were easily discernible, but there was nothing to be seen in the direction whence the eerie sound proceeded. Now thoroughly frightened, Lady Barrington called her maid, who straightway would not listen or look and fled in terror to the servants' quarters. The uncanny noise continued for about half an hour, when it suddenly ceased. All at once a weird cry of 'Rossmore, Rossmore, Rossmore!' was heard, and then all was still.

"The Barringtons looked at each other in dismay and were utterly bewildered as to what the cry could mean. They decided, however, not to mention the incident at Mount Kennedy and returned to bed in the hope of resuming their broken slumbers. They were not left long undisturbed, for at 7 o'clock they were awakened by a loud knocking at the bedroom door, and Sir Jonah's servant, Lawler, entered the room, his face white with terror.

"'What's the matter—what's the matter?' asked Sir Jonah. 'Is any one dead?' 'Oh, sir,' answered the man, 'Lord Rossmore's footman has just gone by in great haste, and he told me that my lord, after coming from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that about half past 2 this morning his own man, hearing a noise in his master's room, went to him and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the servants his lordship was dead.'"

LOST IN THE LAST LAP.

He Queered Things Just as the Winning Post Was in Sight.

There lived in Detroit a man who was the champion letter writer to the newspapers and to the heads of all public enterprises. One of his fads was to write every day to President Ledyard of the Michigan Central railroad and tell Ledyard wherein he was failing in the conduct of his road.

There was a letter for Ledyard every morning. They annoyed him, and he sent for his general counsel one day and said: "Russell, I'm getting tired of these letters. I will give you $3,000 more a year if you will find that man and stop him for twelve months."

Three thousand dollars more a year appealed to Russell, and he went out to find the letter writer. He found him and made a business proposition. "Now, see here," he said, "I want you to stop writing letters to Mr. Ledyard. If you will quit for a year I will give you $1,500."

The letter writer consented gladly. Things went along swimmingly for eleven months. Ledyard was happy, and Russell was happy. Then there was a wreck on the road. The letter writer could not resist the opportunity, and he wrote to Ledyard and told him what he thought about the road and its president and its management.

Ledyard sent the letter to Russell with this indorsement: "This is where you lose $3,000." And it was.—Saturday Evening Post.

Two Reasons For Not Reporting.

General Nelson A. Miles, during active service, one day received a telegram from a subordinate who was on a furlough, but was expected back that day. The dispatch read:

"Sorry, but cannot report today, as expected, owing to unavoidable circumstances."

The tone of the message did not please the general, and he wired back:

"Report at once, or give reasons."

Back came the answer from a hospital:

"Train off, can't ride; legs off, can't walk."

Disraeli's Marriage Doctrine.

Disraeli's doctrine of marriage was admirably simple: "All my friends who married for love and beauty either beat their wives or live apart from them. I may commit many follies in life, but I never intend to marry for 'love,' which I am sure is a guarantee of infelicity."—Contemporary Review.

Crude Cannon.

Of the early cannon, the larger ones were made by taking bars of iron and binding them together with hoops, leaving a hole in the middle. The shot consisted of scraps of iron and often small stones. If they got too much powder in the gun the barrel would explode, and there would be the deuce to pay. The enemy were not the only ones that were in danger in those days. The gunner took his life in his hand every time he applied a match to the touchhole. But, with all that, many battles in early times were decided by cannon.—Exchange.

Free Medical Advice.

Want some free medical advice? Here it is, from Dr. Strickland Goodall of London, and it is for business men who advertise and hence are busy, see? Thus: Devote one hour to each meal, avoiding all business talk. Have no fads in food. Be moderate. Probably the last is the key to the whole—"Be moderate."

Good, easy advice, don't you think?—Detroit Free Press.

The Amber Industry.

The business of obtaining amber from the ocean has been for long a state monopoly in Prussia. The chief center of the industry is in the province of eastern Prussia. The gathering of the amber goes on throughout the year, but it is most profitable at the time of the equinoctial storms, when the winds and the waves throw it ashore. After a storm the fishermen drag the beach. They deposit the haul upon the strand, where the women and children pick out the pieces of amber from among the seaweeds. The pieces are assorted according to size, color and form. The value of a piece of amber is enhanced when it bears the impressions of plant or animal substances. The prices of the pieces vary from about 13 cents to 75 cents, but may reach to $100 or more. The price per pound runs from about $1.25 to $7.50. A very large piece sometimes attains the weight of sixteen or seventeen ounces. The color is most commonly the familiar yellow, but it may be reddish brown or yellowish green or creamy color and some pieces are quite white. The total yield is valued at $1,500,000 a year.—Harper's Weekly.

Long Arm of Coincidence.

An amusing story from the suburbs concerns a householder who recently bought two theater tickets for his wife and himself, but inadvertently invited another married couple to spend the same evening at his house. When the mistake was discovered it was decided to hand the tickets to another friend rather than ask the expected guests to come on a subsequent evening. But the man to whom the tickets were given was called out of town, and he in turn hurriedly handed them over to a near neighbor, suggesting the latter should take his wife to the play. Now, this is where the long arm of coincidence comes in. The near neighbor and his wife were the invited guests of the purchaser of the tickets. They thought it would be a pity to lose the chance of such a fine dramatic treat, and, not knowing the real origin of the tickets, they wrote a note explaining the situation and used the two seats which their hosts had meant for themselves.—Glasgow News.

Change His Face Quarterly.

He came to the club lunch—the youngest member—and was scarcely recognized, for he was clean shaven. We had known him with a mustache, with navy cut beard, with an imperial and with several other changes on the cheeks, chin and lip. But the clean shaven man was a wonder for a few moments—until some one said, "Yes, it is!" And the young man with the naked face confessed his identity. And he explained the reason for the change.

"I don't mind shaving," said the young man, "and I don't mind having my hair cut now and then. But what I really object to is having to get up every morning and looking at this same silly face in the glass. I'm going to alter it now and then. I've an architectural scheme that will rather surprise you. You can change your face every three months and enjoy the fun in the looking glass."—London Graphic.

A School Coinage.

It is not a generally known fact that the Bluecoat school (Christ's hospital) once possessed a coinage of its own. At that time the coin of the realm could not be used at the hospital. Before he could buy anything in the "tuck shop" a new boy had to get one of the beadles, who were the school money changers, to change his shillings and pence into "house money," as it was called. This was made of copper, the coins being octagonal in shape, with their values stamped on them. These curious coins are now very rare, and numismatists possessing any are fortunate.—London Globe.

Meeting Requirements.

A woman buying groceries was annoyed by the whistling of the clerk who waited on her. She complained to the proprietor about it, and after she had gone that worthy gazed with a soul shaking frown on the boy and inquired why he had been so rude.

"Didn't you tell me the other day if I sold that lady anything on time I'd have to whistle before I got my money?" inquired the clerk, who felt sure of his ground.—Indianapolis News.

Out of Place.

A sentry, an Irishman, was on post duty for the first time at night when the officer of the day approached. He called, "Who comes there?"

"Officer of the day," was the reply.

"Then what are yez doin' out at night?" asked the sentry.—Rural Life.

A Hard Job.

"Good gracious! What makes you look like that? Has anything happened?"

"Well, I had my portrait painted recently by an impressionist, and I'm trying to look like it."—Fliegende Blatter.

Careful Mr. Smith.

Dr. Pill (meeting former patient)—Ah, good morning, Mr. Smith! How are you feeling this morning? Mr. Smith—Doctor, does it cost anything if I tell you?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Practical.

Mary—George, I have heard you spoken of frequently as a successful business man. George—I am that. Why? Mary—Well, considering the fact that you have been visiting me for three years, I think you should maintain your reputation and talk business.

In Bunches.

"It is an old saying," said the man with discouraging tendencies, "that riches have wings."

"Oh, that's all right," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "That's what enables me to keep them coming my way in flocks."—Washington Star.

A Bad Risk.

Wigg—You can't place much faith in Bjones' promises, can you? Wagg—I should say not. Why, that fellow couldn't keep a promise in a safe deposit vault.—Philadelphia Record.

Feke's Bitters

The Great Spring Medicine made from Roots and Herbs.

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A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION

WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If you are troubled with frequent pains in the back; if your urine stains linen; if you urinate frequently during the night, and a burning pain accompanies its passage, your kidneys and bladder are in bad shape and should be treated at once.

Every dose of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY slowly but surely pushes aside some of the particles of the dread diseases of the kidneys and bladder, liver, blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation, until they completely disappear. Do not lose faith or find fault, if you are not entirely cured by one bottle, because if these diseases have fastened their grip on you the longer and harder it is to drive them away.

Druggists sell it in *New 50 Cent Size* and the regular $1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N.Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Maple Eye Salve for all diseases or inflammations of the Eye. 25c.

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WICKFORD LINE

STEAMER GENERAL

Lv. NEWPORT LONG WHARF

(Week Days Only.)

Lv. Newport, (Long wh)	Due New York, (O. C. Ter)	Lv. New York, (Long wh)	Due Newport
Week Days only.		Week Days only.	
10.00 a. m.	4.00 p. m.	12.00 n't.	7.00 a. m.
1.00 p. m.	7.00 p. m.	4.45 a. m.	12.00 noon
4.00 p. m.	11.00 p. m.	10.00 a. m.	3.65 p. m.
7.15 p. m.	x2.05 a. m.	1.00 p. m.	6.45 p. m.

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Meal Service a la Carte.

Lv. Long Wharf, Newport, Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 11.15 a. m., due Block Island 1.15 p. m. Lv. Block Island 3.00 p. m., lv. Newport 5.00 p. m. Due Providence 6.45 p. m.

Tickets, etc., at City Ticket office, 320 Thames St., and at Wharf Office.

C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect March 2, 1913.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.03, 7.15, 9.18 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 8.14, 11.02 a. m., 3.05, 5.03, 9.18 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.50, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.18, 5.03, 7.15, 9.18 p. m.

Tiverton—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.18, 5.03, 7.15, 9.18 p. m.

Middleboro—6.50, 8.15, a. m., 12.13, 3.05, 4.18 p. m.

Hyannis—6.50, a. m., 12.13, 3.05, 4.18 p. m.

Provincetown—6.50 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

Plymouth—11.00 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

New Bedford—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, a. m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.18, 5.03, 9.18 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.50, 8.15, 9.10, 11.00 a. m., 12.13, 1.10, 3.05, 4.18, 5.03, 7.15, 9.18, p. m.

C. M. WOODWARD, Gen'l Sup't. A. B. SMITH, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Bay State Street Railway Co.

TIME TABLE

In effect September 9, 1912.

Subject to change without notice.

C. L. BISBEE, Superintendent, Vernon Avenue, Newport.

Telephone, Newport 168.

CARS LEAVE NEWPORT CITY HALL for Fall River, City Hall (1 hr. 50 min.), via Middletown (39 min.), Portsmouth (43 min.) Island Park (52 min.), Stone Bridge (55 min.), Tiverton (60 min.), *6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 10.50, 11.30, a. m., 12.10, 12.50, 1.30, 2.10, 2.50, 3.30, 4.10, 4.50, 5.30, 6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 11.15 p. m. Return, lv. Fall River City Hall, *6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 10.50, 11.30, 12.10, 12.50 a. m., 1.30, 2.10, 2.50, 3.30, 4.10, 4.50, 5.30, 6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 11.20 p. m. Return, lv. Stone Bridge, *6.45, 7.25, 8.05, 8.45, 9.25, 10.05, 10.45, 11.25 a. m., 12.25, 1.05, 1.45, 2.25, 3.05, 3.45, 4.25, 5.05, 5.45, 6.25, 7.05, 7.45, 8.25, 9.05, 9.45, 10.25, 11.00, 11.55 p. m.

CARS LEAVE FRANKLIN STREET FOR Beach (12 min.), *6.40, *6.55, *7.10, 7.25, every 15 min. to 10.55 a. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.)

Mile Corner (10 min.), *6.55, *6.50, 7.05,* every 15 min. to 11.35 p. m.

Marion Park (12 min.), *6.10, 6.25, 6.40 every 15 min. to 11.10. Return, lv. Marion Park, *6.22, 6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

CARS LEAVE MILE CORNER FOR Beach (22 min.) *6.33, *6.48, *7.03, 7.18, every 15 min. to 10.33 p. m. (Change at Franklin St.) Return, lv. Beach, *6.52, *7.07, *7.22, 7.37, every 15 min. to 10.52.* (Change at Franklin Street).

Marion Park (22 min.), *6.00, 6.15, 6.30, every 15 min. to 11.00 p. m. Return, lv. Marion Park, *6.22, 6.37, 6.52, every 15 min. to 11.22 p. m.

Note—* Does not run on Sunday.

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ALL PERSONS, desirous of having water introduced into their residence or premises, should make application at the office, Marlboro street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m.

GUY NORMAN, Treasurer.

THE ART OF POISONING.

Subtle Methods Used by the Natives of Central Africa.

The Central African native is a master in the art of poisoning and always on the watch for it. He will never take a drink of water or beer or eat of a dish, even when offered by a peaceful acquaintance, until the host has eaten or drunk some of it to pledge its harmlessness. He is always in fear of treachery, and with good reason, for an assassin is cheaply hired. Vegetable poisons may be made by almost any one, and the methods of administering them are cunning beyond description.

One of the cleverest ways, often resorted to when a man gets into his head an idea that a neighbor is injuring him by witchery, is to kill the unsuspecting victim by means of poisoned stakes and at the same time avoid suspicion, which would inevitably lead to a similar vengeance.

Procuring little sharpened sticks, the murderer hollows their points and inserts poison (usually made by boiling down the juice of certain shrubs or creepers) into the cavities. These he secretly plants upright, but leaning a little along the path which leads from the doomed negro's hut to his garden.

Sooner or later the intended victim slightly lacerates his bare foot by hitting one of these sharp stakes. He takes no notice of the scratch, for he is used to such trifling injuries, but in a few moments his foot and leg begin to swell, and an hour or so later he expires in agony.

The bark and roots of several trees and shrubs yield virulent poisons when properly brewed, one of which has the peculiar effect of at once paralyzing the organs of speech. The gall of the crocodile when dried in the sun and pulverized is also very deadly. The most fatal poison, however, is that prepared from an ugly, whitish tree called ujungu in German East Africa. It grows in only a few localities, and few natives will venture to cut it down, for a mere prick with a splinter will cause terrible and sometimes fatal inflammation. The negroes say that neither moths nor snakes will go near it and that birds never rest in its branches.

To make this poison the wood is burnt and its ashes are mixed with water and then boiled down to a thick paste. The natives will travel hundreds of miles to procure this paste, with which hunters anoint their arrows and spears and the bullets of their guns, dipping them after the smearing in hot beeswax to form a protective covering against loss of power as well as against accident.—Harper's Weekly.

Scattering Disease.

Dr. Leonard Hill of London holds that it is an "offense against society for any one with a cold to cough, sneeze or even talk without covering his mouth with his handkerchief. Colds kill tens of thousands every year," the doctor adds, "and yet we persist in taking no special precautions to escape them. We go to great trouble to prevent the spread of diphtheria or scarlet fever or smallpox, but the person with a cold, who is scattering deadly microbes everywhere, we treat as perfectly harmless. I thoroughly agree that during the sneezing, coughing stage the person with a cold should be isolated, so that the germs he is constantly scattering may not be breathed in by his neighbors."—New York Tribune.

A Pet Dog Cemetery.

Dead dogs fare better than many men in one town in England, where there is an exclusive cemetery for rich women's pets. Expensive dogs must have showy graves, and the owner of a toy spaniel, blue blooded Pomeranian or a French poodle doesn't think anything of paying $100 for a burial plot in the first stop on the way to the canine Valhalla. Pink headstones are stuck up over the last resting place of the aristocratic doggies, and the epitaphs are as appreciative as if they were on tombstones over the graves of the best French chefs.—New York Press.

Quaint English Surnames.

There are still the quaint surnames redolent of the soil or the early experiences in the hill country of the Cotswolds. A correspondent tells me that there are four men working on one farm on the Cotswold hills named respectively Pill, Fouracre, Pothecary and Greengrass—men clearly who have gained their surnames from some kind of idiosyncrasy or fact, men who may some day send the surname of Pill into fame.—London Telegraph.

Not Becoming.

"I didn't think Mrs. De Browne looked very attractive at the opera last night," said Dubbleigh.

"So? Why, usually she is radiant. What did she have on?" asked Winkletop.

"A large sized grouch," said Dubbleigh.—Harper's Weekly.

Unconventional.

"But, Maria, why should we make a trip abroad when we've seen so few of the places of interest in our own country? Let us visit those first."

"Oh, John, you do say such dreadfully crude and unconventional things!"—Chicago Tribune.

His Absentmindedness.

Professor (after dinner, looking at his empty plate in a rage)—There, we've had spinach and egg again! You know perfectly well, Amelia, that I can't eat it!—Fliegende Blatter.

Valuable in an Emergency.

When the waiters struck in New York seventy of the seventy-five cooks employed at the Waldorf-Astoria went out. This left the kitchen rather inadequately manned, and the maitre d'hotel hurried downstairs to see what could be done. He found one of the five faithful ones ready for business. "You will remain?" questioned the maitre d'hotel. "Yes." "You will help us cook for our patrons?" "Yes." "What do you do? What sort of cook are you?" "I make the meringue!" he said proudly.

Medication and Prevention.

The regular physicians are studying not only methods to cure disease, but even more emphatically are they engaged in the great problems of preventive medicine. Having appreciated the vast influence of lower forms of life (bacteria, protozoa, insects, etc.) upon human life and health, they have endeavored to make this knowledge practical and have succeeded marvelously, as is shown in the history of the Panama canal, the sanitation of Cuba, the eradication of yellow fever from the south, the stamping out of human plague on the Pacific coast, and this is but a beginning. Parallel with this greatly increased work in preventive lines there has been a lessening of drug medication. That is not to say physicians have discarded drugs. They have not, and some are as wedded to drugs as ever. But among the more intelligent there is a gradually lessening dependence upon drugs and a gradually increasing dependence upon physical methods—diet and hygiene.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Hamlet Under Difficulties.

John Coleman, the celebrated actor, once played Hamlet under difficulties. The audience was small, and a seafaring man, who had a prominent seat in the fourth row of the pit, was not very much interested. After he had left ostentatiously three or four times, returning in a merrier frame of mind, Coleman stopped the play, walked to the footlights and said:

"If my friend would stay in his seat and keep his eye on me I think I could interest him."

"Hamlet" was then proceeded with, and the mariner drew from his pocket a telescope, which he extended to its full length and placed to his right eye, fixing it on Coleman when he appeared in the play and following him as he paced the stage. As soon as Hamlet completed his speech the telescope was audibly shut up and then reopened as Hamlet began to speak. Coleman's Hamlet was not a success.—London Mail.

Sights in the Arctic.

Explorers who penetrate the Arctic and Antarctic seas have a chance to observe one of the strangest phenomena in nature, that of smoke rising from the sea. Whenever the temperature falls to 15 degrees below zero clouds of steaming vapor ascend from the ocean, to be immediately frozen into tiny particles of ice and dropped once more into the water. The same thing takes place on land, the vapor rising from the snow and even from the bodies of the explorers themselves. In this case, however, the ice particles fall on the ground and make a weird rustling, like the swish of a silk dress. At 40 degrees below zero the sap of trees is turned to ice, and the trunks burst asunder with a sharp report. These mysterious sounds and sights are awe inspiring to all who do not know their cause, and they may account for some of the strange tales that are told of the frozen north.

Power of a Lightning Flash.

It is hardly possible to use instruments for the purpose of figuring the force of lightning, yet there are many other ways of calculating familiar to every mathematician. The amount of light given by a single lightning flash is enough to illuminate an area two miles square. The bolt itself would be visible several miles farther off, but the remotest part of the region mentioned would have as much light as would be given by a candle, quite enough to read by. To produce such a light it would be necessary to expend 13,000 horsepower for a second. These figures appear very large, but the time is short. The flash might be only one one-thousandth part of a second, but the impression on the eye would continue for a tenth of a second anyway. Figured down to an exact hour, this amount of force would mean only about four horsepower.—Electric News.

Just as Good.

A teacher was taking a class of small children in English grammar and was explaining the difference between a common and an abstract noun.

"An example of a common noun is dog," she said, "for you can see it, while you cannot see anything that is an abstract noun.

"For instance, have any of you seen abundance?"

There was silence for about a minute. Then a little boy got up and said:

"Please, ma'am, I have never seen a bun dance, but I have seen a cake walk."—London Telegraph.

The Letter I.

The name of "I" is in Hebrew jod or jot, a hand, and the earliest characters representative of the sound closely resemble a hand with but three fingers. Little by little one finger after another dropped off until only the little finger was left, and the letter became the smallest in the alphabet, a jot or tittle, that is, the "I," and its dot being synonymous of the most insignificant things that could be described.

The Main Problem.

"I suppose that there are many problems which polar explorers seek to solve?" said the unscientific man.

"Yes," replied the intrepid traveler, "a great many."

"What is the most important one?"

"Getting back."

Bald.

Knicker—The snows of seventy winters are on his head. Bocker—Well, they must have been open winters.—New York Sun.

The Laggard.

"Some of these actors must be shameless as well as shiftless," asserted the woman with the angular jaw.

"Why?" asked her husband.

"Here is one who advertises even on the billboard that he is supported by his wife."—Buffalo Express.

Disappointed.

"What makes Willoughby look so woebegone? Disappointed in love?"

"Yes."

"Who got the girl?"

"He did."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

An Ugly Wife and a Bible.

In the famous library of Wolfenbuttel, in Hesse, is an old Bible which is greatly treasured. It appears that in that passage in Genesis where God told Eve that Adam shall be her master and shall rule over her the German translation is, "Und er soll dein herr sein." "Herr," which means master, does not occur in this Bible, but instead there appears the word "narr," which means fool. The error was caused by a quarrel between the printer and his wife in the year 1680. The wife was vengeful, and in the silent watches of the night she entered the room where her husband had been setting type and maliciously changed "herr" to "narr." The printer was arrested after the book had been printed and the mistake discovered, but his apprentice testified that he saw the wife steal into the composing room and alter the word. The woman was imprisoned for blasphemy and died in prison. Orders were given that all the copies of the edition should be destroyed. This was done, with the exception of the one copy in the Wolfenbuttel library.

Sacred Threads.

The sacred thread of the Brahmans is well known. It is a caste distinction assumed at an early age and never parted with. It must be made by a Brahman and should consist of three strands, each of a different color, forty-eight yards in length, doubled and twisted together twice, the ends tied in knots. It must be worn next the skin, over the left shoulder, hanging down to the thigh on the right side. The three castes of the Hindus are distinguished by the material of these threads—cotton for the Brahmans, hemp for the warriors and wool for the artisans. The Parsees also wear the sacred thread, and boys of seven or nine are invested with it, the threads used being made always of fibers of the sura tree. Monier Williams describes the sacred girdle of the Parsees as made of seventy-two woolen threads, forming a flat band, which is twined three times around the body and tied in two peculiar knots, the secret of which is known only to the Parsees.

George Meredith's Faith.

The English dramatist Alfred Sutro, speaking of the late George Meredith, with whom he was closely acquainted, said:

"One incident of George Meredith's life has always impressed me. He was about to undergo an operation and had been told by his physician that the danger was considerable. He said nothing about it, however. The night before he was to go under the knife he invited several of his dearest friends to dine with him. It was one of the jolliest little dinners of his life. The next day he was operated upon, and he came through it safely. After it was all over he was asked if he were not afraid.

"'No,' he replied. 'I have the greatest faith in the kindliness of nature. I felt that, whatever happened to this battered old cage of mine, the little bird fluttering inside it would come to no harm.'"

Rosewater Athletics.

It is possible that the riddle of the Polish temperament is humorously revealed in the following story, which was gleaned from Mr. Edmund Gosse's volume of literary reminiscences entitled "Two Visits to Denmark."

A professor from the University of Cracow visited Cambridge. The late Professor Henry Sidgwick showed the guest the youth of the place disporting itself on the cricket field and in the boats. The Polish visitor made no comment and was indeed so reserved that Professor Sidgwick felt obliged to say:

"You have nothing like this at the University of Cracow?"

"At the University of Cracow," the professor replied, "we hygienate with the bal masque" (masked ball).

Human Muscles.

If the muscles in the arm of the average man were put together and a nervous impulse passed into them their contraction would lift a weight of 224 pounds from the ground. Muscles have the unique power when stimulated by nerve impulse of contracting somewhat as rubber bands might do if they could squeeze themselves up shorter. They are, in fact, the reverse of rubber, for they contract only and cannot stretch out.

Bunions.

"By the way," said the old shoemaker, "do you know what makes a bunion? No? Well, it is simply getting shoes too short. In a short shoe the foot cannot follow the dictates of growth imposed by nature. But it simply cannot keep from growing. So the tissue and bone and flesh that should go into the toes are simply sidetracked into a bunch wherever it can get the easiest and forms a bunion."

Picking a Pocket.

A youth from the country was paying his first visit to Manhattan and, accompanied by his uncle, a New York banker, went to the theater. While waiting in the lobby before the performance the country boy flung back his coat and with hands in his pockets displayed a heavy gold watch chain. The uncle observed the act and resolved to teach him a lesson. While his attention was diverted the uncle slipped the watch and chain from the boy's vest, and they entered the theater. "What time is it?" he asked when they were seated. The country youth felt for his timepiece and found that it was gone. Allowing him to make a thorough search for it, the uncle told him he had taken it and read him a sharp lecture. "You are not in the country now, you know, where you can display valuables with impunity. You should be more careful. Let this be a lesson to you." So saying, he slipped his hand into his coat pocket where he had put the watch. To his utter dismay, he found it was gone. And when he looked to see if his own was safe he found that also had taken wings.—New York Tribune.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

We are ashamed of everything that is real about us; ashamed of ourselves, of our relatives, of our income, of our accents, of our opinion, of our experience, just as we are ashamed of our naked skins. We are ashamed to walk, ashamed to ride in an omnibus, ashamed to hire a hansom instead of keeping a carriage, ashamed of keeping one horse instead of two, and a groom-gardener instead of a coachman and footman. The more things a man is ashamed of the more respectable he is. That's the devilish side of a woman's fascination. She makes you will your own destruction. It is the self sacrificing woman that sacrifices others most recklessly. You must cower before the wedding ring like the rest of us, Ramsden. You think that you are Ann's suitor; that you are the pursuer and she the pursued, and that it is your part to woo, to persuade, to prevail, to overcome. Fool, it is you who are the pursued, the marked down quarry, the destined prey. You need not sit looking longingly at the bait through the wires of the trap. The door is open and will remain so and will shut behind you forever.

NATURE.

The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by
Because my feet find measure with its call.
The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them both great and small.
The flower that on the lonely hillside grows
Expects me there when spring its bloom has given,
And many a tree and bush my wandering knows,
And e'en the silent stars and clouds of heaven,
For he who with his Maker walks aright
Shall be their lord, as Adam was before.
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
Each object wear the dress that it then wore,
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lip that all is good.

—James Very.

THE WISE MAN.

To educate the wise man the state exists, and with the appearance of the wise man the state expires. * * * The wise man is the state. He needs no army, fort or navy—he loves men too well; no bribe or feast or palace to draw friends to him, no vantage ground, no favorable circumstance. He needs no library, for he has not done thinking; no church, for he is a prophet; no statute book, for he is the lawgiver; no money, for he is value; no road, for he is at home where he is; no experience, for the life of the Creator shoots through him and looks from his eyes. He has no personal friends, for he who has the spell to draw the power and piety of all men unto him needs not husband and educate a few to share with him a select and poetic life. His relation to men is angelic; his memory is myrrh to them, his presence frankincense and flowers.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

LIFE.

What, comrade of a night,
No sooner met than fight?
Before the word the blow?
Well, be it so.

Yet, think not thou I yield,
Lost on a lonely field.
Lo, to my fainting breath
My champion Death!

—Alice Brown.

PATRIOTISM.

They never fail who die in a great cause.—Lord Byron.

Man, through all the ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

—James Montgomery.

All countries are a wise man's home.—Samuel Butler.

The man who pauses on the paths of treason
Halts on a quicksand. The first step engulfs him.

—Aaron Hill.

Every man is a cause, a country and an age.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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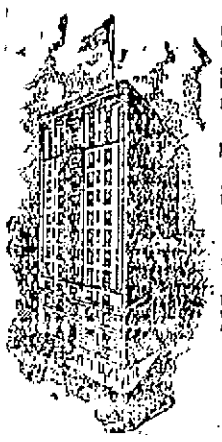
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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, March 29, 1913.

President Wilson wants Cabinet members given a seat in the Senate with voice in discussion but no vote. This may be granted.

The real and personal valuations of New York state have increased from $5,854,600,121 in 1902 to approximately $11,131,000,000 in 1912.

President Wilson is to wait till Congress comes in before making his appointments. It is weary waiting for the anxious faithful ones.

The Democrats are having their troubles now. The party is not a unit on anything. One wing wants absolute free trade, another tariff for revenue only, and another wants full protection on things raised or made in their sections by the country. The coming special session of Congress will be long and stormy.

Business seems to be booming in Pittsburgh. A leading business authority of that city says, "The pessimist will find little to encourage him in Pittsburgh. Mills are working over time, with books crowded with orders and a material shortage of help. It is safe to place the labor shortage in our market at close to 10,000 men."

Postmaster-General Burleson says he intends to take the postoffice department out of politics and plans to examine those postmasters recently put under civil service protection by President Taft. Probably this is the first move to get rid of these appointments and make places for the faithful. That is one way of taking the Postoffice out of politics.

When the subway system in New York is completed the people can get a twenty miles ride for a nickel. The sixty miles of subways that are to be built will cost four millions a mile. President Shonts of the system says that the people will get the longest ride under conditions of the greatest safety for the least money in the most expensive vehicle that the mind of man has ever conceived or the hand of man ever built.

The Democrats expect to lose one hundred millions by the reduction of the tariff. They propose to make this up by the tax on incomes. The bill provides for a tax ranging from one-half of one per cent. on a $3000 salary, to four per cent. on an income of $100,000 or more. A man with an income of $3000 will pay Uncle Sam $15; with an income of $100,000 he will pay $4000; and John D. Rockefeller, with a supposed income of forty millions, will help support the Government to the extent of one million, six hundred thousand dollars annually.

A Fiasco.

Some weeks ago the Providence Journal with flaming headlines published a page or more of what purported to be complaints of the business men of Rhode Island against the management of the New Haven road. Congressman O'Shaunessy took it up and got Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty to come to Providence and give the complainants a hearing. He came on Thursday. The hearing had as extensive advertising as the Journal could give it. Court was open and the Commissioner waited an hour, but no complainant showed his head. The Journal was there as was also Mr. O'Shaunessy's clerk. There were at least one hundred other persons. They were begged to come forward and substantiate the complaints they were alleged to have made. Not one came forward. The New Haven road got a clean bill and those who made the complaints went away crestfallen.

The Great Disasters.

The great disasters in the United States during the past week undoubtedly exceed in the aggregate anything of the kind ever before experienced. Before now there have been terrible earthquakes, fires, and floods with terrible losses in individual cities, but never before have so many different sections of the country called for help at the same time as during the past week. The country had no time to recover from the shock of the destruction by tornadoes in Omaha and other sections of the West, before Dayton, Columbus, Indianapolis, and other cities and towns of Ohio and Indiana were devasted by flood. Not yet has the loss of life been approximated but it will run into many thousands, while those who yet survive are still in grave peril from fire, flood and hunger. The forces of nature have claimed a terrible toll of human lives, at which the whole world stands aghast. The people of the United States are rallying to the assistance of their stricken brothers and everything that is humanly possible will be done for their relief, but before help can reach them many more lives will be claimed.

The hand of man has wrought wonderful achievements, the magnitude of which at times leads us to think that we are all-powerful, but a few minutes time will sometimes suffice to restore the authority of nature's forces in a manner to convince the most materialistic thinker that there is a power to which the works of man are as nothing.

Perry Centennial Celebration.

What is Being Done In the West—The Old Niagara—New York and Michigan to the Front—Result of a Trip Through the Lake States.

The work of preparing for the Centennial celebration of Commodore Perry's great victory on Lake Erie, September 10, 1813, is going on smoothly in all the cities and states bordering on Lake Erie. Saturday evening, March 15, we had the privilege of attending a banquet at Buffalo, N. Y., given by some two hundred of the leading citizens of that city as the opening gun for the celebration to come off there the first week in September. The Buffalonians are thoroughly awake to the occasion and a great celebration is expected.

The State of New York has given $150,000 for the Perry Memorial and the celebration. Considerable of this money will be spent in Buffalo. That city claims the honor of being the first place where Perry and his men from Rhode Island commenced to build their fleet, and some of the smaller vessels were constructed there. Captain Stephen Champlin, who commanded the Scorpion, and who fired the first and the last gun in the battle of Erie, afterwards settled in Buffalo and many of his descendants live there today. Captain Champlin was a native of Newport and a cousin of Commodore Perry.

At the banquet addresses were made by the Mayor of Buffalo, the Mayor of Erie and the man from Newport.

Sunday we visited the city of Erie and in a driving snow storm went off in a little tug boat to inspect the old Niagara, which, some two miles away on the shores of Misery Bay, was then just showing her head and body out of the water after having slumbered beneath the waves for nearly one hundred years. The work of raising and refitting her is being done by the state of Pennsylvania. When we examined the old craft on Sunday it appeared solid as it ever was, although it is feared by some that when the wood becomes thoroughly dried, it will deteriorate. For that reason, reconstruction work will follow the beaching, in order to hold the Niagara together at any odds. While the wood remains water soaked, it is heavy and solid.

As she lay the famous old battleship extended eight feet above the water, showing the ten gun ports on each side. The stern is raised from the water's surface about nine feet and perhaps is the most solid portion of the ship. It is held together by eight-inch spikes that are as good as the day they were driven.

The gun ports are four feet high, three feet wide and between each one is a "peep-hole," as large as a man's face. The holes were used by the fighters during the battle to watch the enemy. They are situated between the port holes within easy access of the place where the cannon once stood.

In the construction of this famous vessel every kind of wood that grew on the hills back of Erie was used. Her ribs, placed side by side indescriminately, were oak, red cedar, black walnut and some kind of soft wood, but the three kinds mentioned above predominated. She was planked outside by two and one half inch planks and on the inside by two inch planks. This planking was oak below the water line, but her bulwarks were of soft wood, either pine or cucumber wood. It is claimed that these soft woods were used purposely, as the balls would imbed themselves in the wood which was less likely to splinter than the hard wood. At any rate the good ship, Niagara, accomplished the purpose for which it was built, and

"The famed Niagara, now proudof her Perry,
Displayd all her banners in gallant array;
And twenty-five guns on her deck she did carry,
Which soon put an end to this bloody affray.
The rear of our fleet was brought up complete,
The signal was given to break through the line;
While starboard and larboard, and from every quarter,
The lamps of Columbia did gloriously shine."

Monday was spent in Cleveland on work of the Commission, Tuesday at Detroit, and Wednesday we had the honor of addressing the Senate of Michigan, at Lansing. We also spoke to the two committees of finance of the Legislature and in the evening addressed a public meeting in the Representative Chamber, which was largely attended. The good State of Michigan is taking a lively interest in the Perry Victory matter and the Governor assured us that the State would undoubtedly make the appropriation asked for. Illinois and Minnesota will also come in, making in all nine States engaged in doing honor to the greatest naval genius of the age, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry of Rhode Island. The States are Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, Kentucky, Illinois, Michigan and Minnesota.

The Detroit Journal says of the meeting at Lansing;

Gen. Nelson A. Miles, former head of the U. S. army; ex-Senator Sanborn of Rhode Island; A. E. Sisson, Auditor General of Pennsylvania and Senator Whitehead of Wisconsin, addressed a public meeting in the house of representatives hall last evening on the Perry centennial celebration to be held next summer at Put-in-Bay.

An appropriation of $30,000 is wanted from this state towards the centennial fund, to which Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Kentucky and Wisconsin already have contributed.

All of the distinguished visitors in their speeches, reminded the audience of the immense importance to Michigan of the victory that was won a hundred years ago by Commodore Perry on Lake Erie.

A small model of the Perry monument, with peristyle and court, is on exhibition in the lower hall of the capitol, where it is attracting much attention from all visitors. Large cards call attention to the appropriations already made by other states whose valorous fighters were among the men who fought with Perry, thereby strongly calling attention to the fact that Michigan still has to contribute a share of the fund.

It is probable that the appropriation will have no trouble in passing the present legislature.

Catholics In New England.

According to the statistics gathered from the chancellors of the several Catholic dioceses in the six New England States, the Catholic population of this territory last year was 2,895,299, distributed as follows: Massachusetts, 1,883,435; Connecticut, 423,000; Rhode Island, 260,000; New Hampshire, 126,034; Maine, 123,800; and Vermont, 79,230.

The number of Roman Catholics in the United States has increased until, according to the latest statistics, it ranks now with the foremost Catholic countries. Under the protection of the American flag are 23,829,000 children of the Church of Rome, one-third of them being in the Philippines and other insular possessions. Of the 15,154,158 in the United States proper, an increase of 188,000 over the number a year ago, 2,790,629 reside in the State of New York. The total number of Catholic Americans is less than 500,000 below the total number of Austrians or Germans of the same faith. Italy has 30,500,000 Catholics.

The 1913 issue of "The Official Catholic Directory" shows also that a new Catholic church is built every day in the year in this country. There were 873 established in 1912. At present there are 14,812 Catholic churches in the United States, of which 9501 have resident pastors. In the entire country there are 17,945 Catholic clergymen, 13,273 being secular clergy, and 4672 being members of religious orders. Preparing for the priesthood in 85 seminaries are 8159 students. There are also 230 colleges for boys and 684 academies for girls, where the higher education for Catholic youth is given attention.

New Haven's Double Task.

A double task has been imposed upon the management of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company. Besides the work of maintaining efficiency and improving facilities, the attention of the officials has been diverted by the added responsibility of answering and refuting the recent attacks upon the Company. Their efforts to meet the arguments of the critics and to allay the possibility of public distrust are inspired both by a desire to overcome the demoralizing influence upon the employees of the Company that these attacks have had and also by the natural inclination to protect their own interests, for, no man relishes the thought of having a bomb thrown at his business.

Whatever may be the motives behind the attacks, the New Haven management makes no denial that they have seriously affected the efficiency of the road, besides resulting in incalculable injury to the interests of industrial New England. Both President Charles S. Mellen of the New Haven and Mr Lucius Tuttle, formerly President of the Boston and Maine Railroad, attribute the origin of the opposition to the New Haven to the purchase by that Company of Boston and Maine stock. President Mellen aptly traces back also these attacks to Louis D. Brandeis, who, he claims, for ulterior purposes, has "assailed by underground campaigns and publicly by irresponsible mouthpieces, the integrity of the management."

The attacks on Mr. Mellen are really attacks on his well defined policy in providing an efficient railroad system for New England. Mr. Mellen's theory is that New England is a great railroad terminal yard, and a terminal of necessity must be a combination or a monopoly. His unreasoning critics seek all the benefits of monopoly and at the same time would have all the advantages of competition.

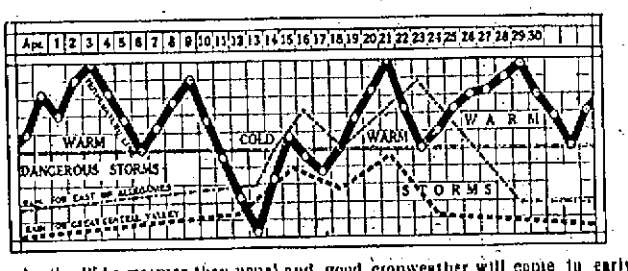
Some idea of the task the New Haven management must face may be gathered when it is considered that its critics include certain New York financial interests, who are determined that New England shall not be placed in a position where it may compete for a larger share of the country's coastwise and foreign trade. The enemies of the New Haven, it has been repeatedly shown, are enemies of New England. The Company can be successful only if the territory in which it operates is successful. And yet it has been made to appear that the attacks upon it come from New England and not from the outside. While Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade in other sections of the country are working hand in hand with the railroads to develop their cities and states, the New Haven management has had to contend with the additional hardship of meeting the attacks of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, and also the Providence business associations.

A still further motive in the New Haven's plea for fair play is the indirect effect that misguided attacks are likely to have on the savings of the people—particularly the wage-earners. Of the 22,716 stockholders of the New Haven, about 80 per cent. reside in New England. The savings and cooperative banks in New England alone hold about $120,000,000, of New England railroad securities, and these institutions represent about 2,000,000 depositors. Notwithstanding that New Haven stock is now selling at the lowest price in years, the management has reason to feel proud of the position the Company's securities have maintained in the face of these attacks. But the investing public is inclined to be fickle, and sentiment is one of the first factors discarded when its pocket-book is concerned. No railroad's securities can withstand for long attempts to destroy the company.

The remains of J. Mitchell Clark, who died in the West Indies a short time ago, were brought to this city on Sunday. The interment was in St. Mary's churchyard in Portsmouth, the body being laid beside that of his father, the late Bishop Thomas M. Clark. Bishop Perry conducted the committal service at the grave, assisted by Rev. F. W. Goodman, rector of St. Mary's Church.

THINK THIS OVER.
Is there any beverage that costs you less per cup than
LIPTON'S TEA
Goes farthest for the money

WEATHER BULLETIN.



April will be warmer than usual and good cropweather will come in early. Less than usual rain. Most rain in northeastern states, western Kansas and in Canada. Dangerous storms April 1 to 9. Most rain 14 to 25. It will be a good cropweather month. Late frosts are not probable. Plant and sow early-maturing crops very early in the sections where we predict dry for April.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above trebel line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below trebel line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecasts. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count one or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east of it because warmer or less area move from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., Mar. 27, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbances to cross continent March 29 to April 2 and April 1 to 5, warm wave March 28 to April 1 and March 31 to April 4, cool waves March 31 to April 2 and April 3 to 7.

This will be a continuation of the dangerous storms mentioned in previous bulletins. These dangerous storms began their work about two days before the time announced for them and many lives and great loss of property were the results of this first onslaught. That part of the storm period was so severe that it might give hope that the storm forces blew themselves out but conditions warn us to be on the alert for more than usual storm energies March 29 to April 8.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about April 6, cross Pacific slope by close of 7, great central valleys 8 to 10, eastern sections 11. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about April 6, great central valleys 8, eastern sections 10. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about April 9, great central valleys 11, eastern sections 13.

This disturbance will continue the dangerous storm period and will be followed by a cold wave in northern sections that may cause frosts further south than usual. Tender plants should be protected. But the cold will soon pass, leaving the month's temperatures to average higher than usual.

Not much rain in great central valleys before April 10 but in northeastern states good rains will occur from April 16 to 23. The cool weather near middle of April may cause showers but no general rains. Cropweather is expected to continue satisfactory and farmers and planters will have good opportunities for planting and sowing. Early maturing crops should be planted or sown very early and late maturing crops put in unusually late.

General Assembly.

The principal interest in the General Assembly this week has centered in the appropriation bill, over which the Democratic members of the House have adopted their usual filibustering tactics, somewhat exaggerated this year. On Thursday but one of the 51 disputed items was adopted, and at that rate it will take a long time to pass the bill. The Democratic members admit that they are intentionally filibustering for the purpose of compelling the Senate to pass the property qualification amendment to the constitution.

In the Senate on Thursday an attempt was made to take two bills from committees, but both failed, although there was much oratory. Senator Beeckman of Newport has introduced a new bill providing for the partial abolition of the property qualification, and he is in hopes that it will pass.

Election of Officers.

Emmanuel Church.

Senior Warden—John M. Taylor.
Junior Warden—Andrew K. McMahon.
Vestrymen—Robert H. McIntosh, George H. Logan, Joseph Pearson, John Mahan, William H. Young, Darius Baker, Thomas P. Peckham, Dudley E. Campbell, William H. Clarke, P. P. Stewart Hale.
Clerk—George H. Logan.
Treasurer—John M. Taylor.
Assistant Treasurer—Robert H. McIntosh.
Auditors—William H. Clarke, Frank S. Hale.
Delegates to Diocesan Convention—John M. Taylor, Darius Baker, William H. Clarke, Thomas P. Peckham, George W. Harlow.
Substitutes—Robert H. McIntosh, John D. Richardson, Andrew K. McMahon, P. P. Stewart Hale, William H. Young.
Delegates to Providence Convocation—John M. Taylor, Andrew K. McMahon, Thomas O. Lake, Arthur Power, William G. Taylor.
Substitutes—Benjamin J. White, Everett I. Gorton, Francis M. Sisson, John W. McDougall, Francis G. Wilbar.
Organist and Chorister—Henry Stuart Hendy.
Assistant Organist—James N. Gibson.
Sexton—Clifford R. Carter.

St. John's Church.

Senior Warden—John C. Weaver.
Junior Warden—Hamilton Fish Webster.
Vestrymen—James T. Hathaway, Lars Larsen, Jacob Anders n, Julius Burdick, Jacob Mohr, James B. Groff, Arthur H. Scoville.
Secretary—James S. Groff.
Treasurer—Julius Burdick.
Delegates to Diocesan Convention and Providence Convocation—Hamilton Fish Webster, Lars Larson, James T. Hathaway, Julius Burdick.
Substitutes—Harold Arnold, Jacob Anderson, James C. Weaver, James S. Groff.

Trinity Church.

Senior Warden—George Gordon King.
Junior Warden—William J. Cozzens.
Vestrymen—Robert C. Cottrell, J. I. Greene, William D. Sayer, Clarence A. Carr, Herbert Bliss, Charles F. Hoffman, Edward Griffith.
Treasurer—William J. Cozzens.
Secretary—Clarence A. Carr.
Delegates to Diocesan Convention—George Gordon King, William H. Walcott, William S. Sherman, Edward Griffith, William Ennis.
Substitutes—William D. Sayer, Herbert Bliss, Stephen B. Luce, Clarence A. Carr, Robert C. Cottrell.
Delegates to Providence Convocation—Edward Griffith, William J. Schwarz, George F. Rounds, Asa B. Kennan, George Gordon King.
Substitutes—Robert C. Cottrell, Herbert Bliss, Henry D. DeBlois, Henry W. Clarke, Seth DeBlois.
Auditing Committee—James F. Cozzens, Asa B. Kennan, George F. Rounds.
Sexton—William G. Schwarz.

St. George's Church.

Senior Warden—Peter King.
Junior Warden—William S. Slocum.
Assistant Junior Warden—John H. Mustard.
Vestrymen—John H. Taylor, Elmer E. Leonard, James T. Wright, Robert Miller, Lawrence H. Godbold, Robert C. Ebbs, David C. Caesar, Samuel W. Marsh, J. W. Burnett, John Davis.
Secretary—William S. Slocum.
Treasurer—Samuel W. Marsh.
Missionary Treasurer—Robert Miller.
Auditor—William S. Slocum.
Delegates to Diocesan Convention—Peter King, William S. Slocum, John H. Mustard, John H. Taylor.
Substitutes—James T. Wright, Samuel W. Marsh, Robert Miller, John W. Burnett.
Delegates to Providence Convocation—Elmer E. Leonard, Robert Miller, John H. Mustard, Lawrence H. Godbold.
Substitutes—A. E. Burnside Davis, John Davis, John H. Taylor, Samuel W. Marsh.

Weekly Almanac.

MARCH 1913 — STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Morn	Water Eve
29 Sat	6 33	6 07	1 44	0 57	1 48
30 Sun	6 31	6 08	2 30	2 04	2 52
31 Mon	6 30	6 10	3 07	3 07	3 50
25 Tues	6 29	6 11	3 35	4 00	4 38
26 Wed	6 26	6 12	3 59	4 48	5 19
27 Thur	6 24	6 13	4 19	5 30	6 05
28 Frid	6 23	6 14	4 38	6 10	6 50

New Moon, 6th day, 6h, 43m., evening
First Quarter, 14th day, 0h, 50m., morning.
Full Moon, 20nd day 5h 38m., evening
Last Quarter, 28th day 1h 27m., morning

Marriages.

In this city, 24th inst., by the Rev. Franklin G. McKeever, Edith Young Babcock to Herbert Stewart Holm, both of this city.

Deaths.

In this city, 21st inst., James Wood, in his 84th year.

In this city, 23d inst., Annie Kerr, wife of Edward Hughes, in her 40th year.

In this city, 23d inst., Robert S., son of Robert I. and Lorena M. Hart, aged 1 month.

In this city, 25th inst., Timothy, infant son of Timothy and Mary Tierney.

In this city, 26th inst., John, son of John and Maria Petera, aged 1 year and 6 months.

In this city, 27th inst., Alice C., wife of Arthur L. Gilman.

In Rochester, N. H., 22d inst., Silas Hussey, father of Mrs. A. L. Marshall of this city.

In Adamsville, R. I., 21st inst., Miss Endora M. Tompkins, aged 57 years, 4 months and 30 days.

In Jamestown, 25th inst., at his residence, John E. Holt.

In South Portsmouth, 24d inst., Ivory P. Lowe, in his 70th year.

In Centreville, R. I., suddenly, 24th inst., Mary S., widow of Horatio N. Harder and daughter of the late Joseph and Phoebe Bateman, aged 87 years. She formerly resided in Newport.

In Providence, 25th inst., James V. Corey, in his 71st year.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS.

Persons living in other cities, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements Houses unfurnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

32 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1883
He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.
Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

Notice to Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads, Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE R. WELLINGTON, Clerk.

6-15

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

PORTSMOUTH GRANGE ENTERTAINMENT

Portsmouth Grange held a very enjoyable meeting at their regular meeting at Fair Hall, 55 members and 10 guests were present. The third and fourth degrees were conferred upon 14 candidates. Four names were presented for membership. Deputy Amos Maker, of Swansea Grange was present and spoke as did Mrs. Helen Wilcox, master and Mrs. William M. Hughes lecturer of Pomona Grange, and Miss Clara Hambly of Nonquit Grange. Lecturer Charles E. Boyd presented a St. Patrick's Day program, Miss Helen Sinclair and Miss Norma Coggeshall, assisting. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and souvenirs were given to each person present. Games were played and prizes symbolic of St Patrick's Day were awarded to H. Frank Anthony and Miss Alice Marshall. Several readings were given by Charles E. Boyd, Warren R. Sherman, Emerson Bishop, Harry Copeland, Jr., Jesse I. Durfee, William C. Main, Mrs. William M. Hughes, Mrs. William K. Boyd and Mrs. Frank L. Tallman, Mrs. William K. Boyd won the Easter egg hunt. Miss Helen Sinclair furnished music for dancing. Supper was served by the feast committee, Mr. and Mrs. B. Percival Sherman, and Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bishop.

Mrs. Ralph H. Anthony entertained St. Paul's Guild at the annual meeting on Tuesday. At the business session the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Mrs. Frederick Webb.
Vice-President—Miss Harriet F. Sanford.
Treasurer—Miss Anna Chase
Secretary—Mrs. Frederick C. Cooke.
Assistant Secretary—Mrs. William Laurence.
Chairman of apron committee—Mrs. Abner P. Anthony.
Chairman of fancy-work committee—Miss Lillian Wheeler.
Chairman of flower committee—Mrs. Frederick Webb.
Auditing Committee—Mrs. Herton W. Storrs and Mrs. Ralph H. Anthony.

There was a large attendance.

A large party of friends and relatives gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Webb on Monday evening to celebrate the birthday of Mrs. Webb. The affair had been carefully planned and was a complete surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Webb. There was music furnished by Miss Edna Malone. Many games were played and prizes were awarded, among the winners were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Mott, Miss Orriana Anthony, Miss Edna Malone, William Lawrence and Henry C. Anthony, Jr. Refreshments were served. Guests were present from Newport, Fall River and New Bedford. Mrs. Webb received many handsome gifts, among them being an automobile from Mr. Webb.

There was special Easter music at all the churches on Sunday, and in each case appropriate decorations for Easter. At the Methodist Episcopal Church a concert was given in the evening by the Sunday School, under the direction of Mrs. William Spooner and Mrs. Charles H. Borden. Among those who took part were Darrell Cornell, Elva Hedly, Marjorie Borden, Roy Cross, Florence Spooner, Eleanor Matthews, Alice Marshall and Howard Borden. Rev. John Wadsworth gave a short talk. The chorus of mixed voices sang several selections.

Mrs. Mary T. Lynch, a graduate of the Rhode Island State Normal School, is arranging to give a drama at Fair Hall early in April. The proceeds are to go for an endowment fund to be used in helping worthy young people to attend the Normal School. Each graduate in the State is asked to give some kind of a public entertainment for this fund.

Mrs. Louis Sisson who has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Francis P. Conway has returned to her home. Miss Ethel Cummings who has also been spending several weeks with Dr. and Mrs. Francis P. Conway has gone to the home of her aunt Mrs. John H. Peckham.

Mr. Daniel Clare, of Fall River, is building a cottage on Park avenue. As soon as it is completed he will move here with his family hoping thereby to benefit the health of Mrs. Clare who is suffering from a serious nervous disorder.

Many people from this town attended the Carmen's Ball, at Anawan Hall, Fall River, on Monday evening. An extra car was run to take the people to Fall River and to bring them back after the regular car had gone.

Ivory P. Lowe died at his home on Glen street, Sunday, after an illness of several months. He was in his seventieth year. He is survived by a wife and son.

The organ given to the Methodist Episcopal Church of this town by the Methodist Episcopal Church of Middletown was moved this week.

Mrs. E. J. Soules, of Providence, is the guest of Mrs. William Thurston, of Newport. She has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Francis P. Conway.

Mr. Joe T. Brazil, Jr., and Mrs. Brazil who have been visiting the former's parents here have returned to their home in Mano, N. Y.

Mrs. Almira Tallman has returned to her home after spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. Edward P. Brown of Glen street.

Mrs. Lyman Aylesworth who has been the guest of Mrs. Peleg A. Coggeshall has concluded her visit and gone to Warren.

Mr. Cyrus Estes of the Moses Brown School is spending the Easter vacation with his parents Rev. and Mrs. James M. Estes.

Mrs. John L. Simmons entertained the King's Daughters at her home on West Main Road at the regular meeting.

Rev. Anson B. Howard gave the Bible lecture at the home of the Misses Hicks. There was a good attendance.

Mrs. Eunice Tuller of Providence, formerly of Tiverton, was in town Monday calling on friends.

Peter D. Boyd and Herbert Chase are caring for Louis Sisson who broke his leg about a week ago.

It being Holy Week no dance was held at Oakland Hall which would have come on Good Friday.

Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton, who has been suffering with blood poisoning in her hand, is better.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Faulkner, are entertaining Anthony Allston Clarke

Good Friday services were held in St. Mary's and St. Paul's churches.

Mr. Philip Peckham has gone to Sherborne, Mass., for the summer.

Mrs. Jacob Almy is seriously ill at her home on Glen St.

Mrs. George A. Wyatt is visiting in Providence.

FLOOD IS RECEDING IN DAYTON

Cold, Snow and Rain Cause Suffering to Marooned People

FIRES AGAIN BREAK OUT IN BUSINESS SECTION

Although Flood Has Receded, Part of City Is Still Cut Off From World and No Word Has Come of Events There—Great Dam at Lewiston, Holding Back Seventeen Thousand Acres of Water, Is Still Intact—Many Deaths Reported From Hunger and Exposure In Flooded Buildings of Stricken City

West Dayton, O., March 28.—The First National bank building in central Dayton is burning. The flood water has so far receded that firemen with an engine succeeded in getting across and all persons who wish to leave are being brought out.

The Third street bridge over the Big Miami river is safe, and it appears that the militia now guarding the district will soon know the full extent of the disaster there.

Many persons refused to leave, believing they could better secure food and clothing there than in other parts of Dayton.

Hunger, thirst, cold and fire are harassing the 70,000 residents marooned in their homes or in downtown business blocks. More than this, the bodies of hundreds of persons and horses add to the danger of the living, for pestilence is feared with the falling of the water.

Fires which had smoldered through the day again broke forth with renewed fury. Fighting them is most difficult.

Lewiston Dam Holds

Thus far the enormous dam at Lewiston, holding back 17,000 acres of water, is intact, though weakened in several places. The same is true of the great dam at Celina, O., and on both scores of workmen and companies of guardsmen are working night and day, watching for breaks and strengthening weak spots.

Intense cold with rain or heavy snow added much to the already heavy burden of the homeless. To those marooned on the roofs of houses is spelled not only great suffering, but in many instances death from hardship and exposure.

Latest reports from the flood-ridden sections of Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and western New York gave little indication of abatement. While the water is falling in the Great Miami river valley, the Ohio, is expected to reach the 70-foot mark, within one foot of its record flood height. All along the Ohio cities and towns are inundated and in grave danger.

Conditions in Hamilton and Columbus, O., and at Peru and many of the smaller Indiana towns showed little change and no estimate of the dead based upon fairly accurate reports can be made.

Death Roll Large In Columbus

In Columbus it was believed late last night that the death roll of the West Side—that portion of Columbus embraced within the great bend of the Scioto river—will run between 600 and 1000. Little rescue work has been done in this section, although the water now is falling and today probably will allow exploration of the entire submerged section.

Chief of Police J. N. Allaback, himself marooned, who has been directing the rescue work, gave the first information as to the situation in what has heretofore been the water-bound district.

Except for possible loss of life on the north side of the river, there will not be more than 200 dead in Dayton, according to Allaback's estimate after he had been given information as to the situation on the south side.

Conditions Bad In Workhouse

The worst condition found near the centre of the flood was in the workhouse, where sixty prisoners have not had a drop of water nor a bite of food since Tuesday. The men revolted Tuesday night and demanded their liberty and a chance to fight for their lives. Since then the workhouse has been a madhouse, according to Superintendent Johnson. The prisoners repeatedly fought with Johnson and threatened to kill both him and his family.

Johnson asked that a detachment of the national guard be assigned to help him handle the men. He declared that the prisoners would have to be shot if they escaped from their cells.

No word has been heard from Mayor Phillips. The chief of police had been unable to get near the Phillips house and did not know whether the mayor would be found dead or alive.

North of Burns avenue, as far as Fourth street, the water was found to be from three to six feet deep.

Beyond Fourth street the water has receded to make it possible in many places to proceed on foot. From Fourth street to the Big Miami river, relief work was taken up by a committee headed by Chief Allaback. All of the grocery stores were commandeered and, although in most cases the goods were covered with water, sufficient supplies were found to prevent great suffering among those in the interior dry strip.

While there may be many deaths in individual homes, which have been without food or drink, there was no place but the workhouse where any considerable number of people were held without food. None had had enough, but no case approaching actual starvation was found.

Knowledge that the death list is likely to prove so low in the downtown section gave rise to a hope that even in North Dayton, about which nearly all hope had been abandoned, there might be comparatively few deaths.

The progress of the first canoe into the water-bound district was greeted by appeals for bread and water. In nearly every house left standing, wistful faces were to be seen pressed against window panes. All of these were asked whether there had been any deaths and with only a few exceptions all replied that there had not.

Although heartened by news from the flood zone's interior, Governor Cox's secretary, Mr. Burba, was scarcely able to credit the assertion. From his investigations of the southern district he was unable to believe that the death list would be under 1500.

"There are 10,000 unaccounted for on this side of the river," he said, "and if all but 200 of these are found it will be the greatest miracle of the time."

It was impossible to approach within several blocks of the fire zone, even in the canoe, but there appeared every indication that the fire had been confined to the blocks beyond Jefferson and Third streets.

Algonquin Guests Comfortable

The 300 guests of the Algonquin hotel have been kept comfortable except for continuous dread that the fire would spread to them. The water reached to the second floor, but all supplies had been moved to places of safety, and those in the hotel experienced little discomfort.

A report which had been current in the water district south of Main street that Adjutant General Wood had been fatally injured by falling plate glass proved to be untrue. General Wood now is in full charge of the relief work, and although his arm had been badly cut, his condition was not serious.

Two hundred women and babies found refuge in a paint factory in North Dayton, where, it is believed, they have found sufficient food to keep them from acute suffering. An effort is being made at once to rescue them.

The following is an estimate of conditions:

Persons marooned, 70,000; residences submerged, 15,000; miles of streets inundated, 120; persons provided for in rescue stations, 5000; horses killed, 500, and automobiles damaged, 1000.

No Place For Sightseers

Governor Cox ordered that no more sightseers be permitted in Dayton and when Colonel Catrow attempted to have railroad coaches of an arriving train vacated, many of the passengers showed fight and refused to leave. Orders were given the train men to cut off the two rear coaches and they were left standing on the track.

One of the remarkable features was the cheerful spirit with which flood victims viewed their plight. This was Dayton's first big flood in many years, much of the submerged area had been considered safe from high water, but as the majority of residents of these sections looked out on all sides upon a great sweep of muddy, swiftly moving water, they seemed undisturbed.

In some of the poorer sections, the attitude of the marooned was not so cheerful. As a motor boat passed beneath the second floor of one partly submerged house, a man leaned out and threatened to shoot unless they took off his wife and a baby that had been born Wednesday. The woman, almost dying, was let from the window by a rope and taken to a place of refuge.

Captain of Police H. E. Lackhart declared that water in North Dayton, Miami City and East Dayton reached the house tops. His estimate of the number of dead in that district was 300.

The bodies of a woman and a baby were seen floating down Jefferson street, one of Dayton's main thoroughfares.

It was thought that they came from the district north of the river. According to city officials, it is impossible to estimate the number who perished in the fire which swept the entire district on the north side of Third street, between Jefferson street and the canal, a distance of more than a square and a half.

All patrons in the Beckel House are safe. Extensive preparations had been made for their rescue when the building was threatened by fire. Police and volunteers constructed a bridge over alleys and the tops of adjoining buildings to a point of safety.

The flood situation appears brighter. There was food for the town's breakfast and dinner left after 6 o'clock last night, but it was believed the many trains of food and provisions on the way would reach here today.

Conditions Bad at Coshocton

At Coshocton the Walhonding valley branch of the Pennsylvania railroad crosses the valley on a long steel bridge and it was reported that 800 feet of the bridge went down soon after midnight. The water was still rising at that hour. Above Coshocton on the Walhonding river many villages are flooded, and the loss to the farmers will be very heavy.

Conditions in the Tuscarawas valley are even worse, as the river is larger and the valley wider. From a point near Uhrichsville, about 100 miles west of Pittsburg, to Coshocton, a distance of thirty miles, the valley is one great lake, in some places about five miles wide. The villages of Port Washington, Newcomerstown and Isleta are flooded, with some damage in the vicinity of West Lafayette. Canal Louisville is under water and conditions at Coshocton were reported to be bad, although there is no report as to loss of life.

Fire In Hamilton

Fire broke out in the flood district of Hamilton during the night.

Fourteen bodies have been recovered from the flood in Delaware. A score of persons are missing, believed to have perished in the waters. An epidemic of typhoid is feared there, as only river water is to be had for drinking. Troops have taken charge of the city, with instructions to shoot to kill looters. Rescuers are at work.

RISE OF 58 FEET

Muskingum River at Zanesville Causes Great Damage

Zanesville, O., March 28.—More than 100 may have perished in the flats along the Muskingum river. The water has risen to a height of fifty-eight feet and the houses in the river valley have vanished.

Nearly all the residents there are working men and their frail homes crumbled in the flood. There is no means of communication with the hills across the river where some of those in the district worst stricken may have fled.

Only seven bodies have been recovered, but more have been sighted tossing in the rushing centre of the stream.

Several buildings in the down-town section are burning. Four thousand are homeless. The bodies of John Carr, his wife, their two children and an unknown man, woman and baby, have been dragged from the torrent.

Three score houses have been swept away in the seventh and eighth wards of the city, where the bulk of the residences are located. The great concrete bridge went down and a tremendous mass of driftwood was let loose to become a terrific battering ram that hammered dwellings, business houses and everything in its path to pieces.

The Third street bridge, 500 feet long, was swept down and deposited on the river banks five miles away. The woolen mills were ripped from their foundations.

The mills hurtling along in the torrent, rammed the Sixth street bridge, and, with an ear-splitting roar, the bridge broke loose and disappeared.

The Baltimore and Ohio and Pennsylvania railroad bridges collapsed and sank from sight. The Baltimore and Ohio depot is surrounded by twenty-five feet of water. The Reggs House and the Clarendon, the two chief hotels here, are under water to the middle of the second story.

Refugees are clustered on the roofs of the bigger buildings down town. All are suffering in the cold and are without food. The entire south end of the city is submerged. Food supplies are becoming exhausted, as all provision houses are buried in the water.

No communication by railroad is available and there is but one telephone wire that works spasmodically. All the bridges between this city and the Ohio river are out. The big Y bridge is under twenty feet of water, and it is not known whether it is still standing. All railroad tracks are likewise submerged.

There is no gas or electric lights, and only motor boats can stem the current of the river, which is rushing through the town at the rate of 25 miles an hour.

APPEALS TO THE NATION

President Calls For Immediate Relief For Flood Sufferers

Washington, March 27.—The following appeal in connection with the floods in the middle western states was issued by President Wilson:

"The terrible floods in Ohio and Indiana have assumed the proportions of a national calamity. Loss of life and the infinite suffering involved prompts me to issue an earnest appeal to all who are able, in however small a way, to assist the labors of the American Red Cross, to send contributions at once to the Red Cross at Washington, or to the local treasurers of the society.

"We should make this a common cause. The needs of those upon whom this sudden and overwhelming disaster has come should quicken everyone capable of sympathy and compassion to give immediate aid to those who are laboring to rescue and relieve."

The president also dispatched the following telegram to Governors Cox of Ohio and Ralston of Indiana:

"I deeply sympathize with the people of your state in the terrible disaster which has come upon them. Can the federal government assist in any way?"

Millersburg Cut Off

Millersburg, O., March 28.—The people of this city have been shut out from everywhere since Tuesday morning by the floods, which are four feet higher than ever before. The railroad tracks are under water from two to three feet north and south, and the depot is flooded with two feet of water which has put out of commission the telegraph office.

Water works are flooded and water is shut off. One gas company line is broken and electric light plant forced to stop. A telegraph operator at Badow Pass, named Workman, and his wife and children lost their lives when a bridge swept away and struck their house.

People Afloat In Homes

Sidney, O., March 28.—Sitting in the caboose of a work train making its way south from Lima to aid in the relief of Dayton, J. W. Ball, a Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton freight conductor, told of the scenes in and adjoining Piqua, O., where 500 persons are said to have lost their lives in the Miami river flood.

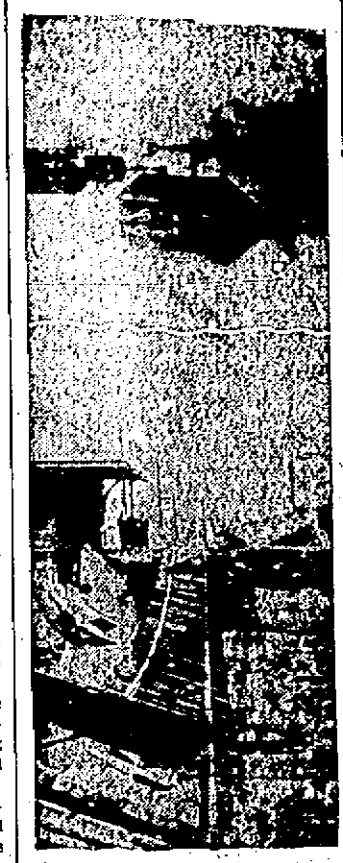
Ball said that houses were lifted from their foundations and carried down stream freighted with human beings, who were dashed to death in the torrent that swept the buildings against a railroad bridge in the southern portion of the city.

Boston Trains Bothered

Boston, March 28.—Interruption of railroad traffic in the flooded districts in the west has affected the trains from Boston going west, and the Boston and Albany railroad has been compelled to announce that its sleeping cars due to leave Boston at 10:30 a. m. and 2 p. m. for St. Louis and Cincinnati will run only as far as Cleveland, and that the Pittsburg sleeper leaving at 10:30 a. m. will run only as far as Youngstown, O., until further advices.

FLOOD SCENES

House In 20 Feet of Water and Tracks Undermined



Photos © by American Press Association.

Such scenes as these are common in the flooded districts in Ohio and Indiana.

GOVERNOR J. M. COX

Who Faces Greatest Crisis In the History of Ohio



© 1913, by American Press Association.

CHILD'S BODY BROKE OUT IN TOOTH RASH

From Waist to Feet Covered with Large Blisters. Suffered Dreadfully. Could Not Sleep. In Two Weeks Completely Cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

R. F. D., Box 92, Thornton, R. I.—"When my little girl was two months old she had scythema or tooth rash. The lower part of her body broke out in a rash which started in the form of small pimples. In a day or so the pimples formed a white head which broke causing a watery discharge to run from it. In a week the baby's body from her waist to her feet looked as if it had been burned, being covered with large blisters which broke open leaving the flesh exposed and causing the child intense suffering. I had an ointment to use on her every two hours. It did not do her any good, in fact she seemed to get worse and she suffered dreadfully. Someone told me they had never seen such a bad case on any child. She could not sleep and cried continually. She continued to suffer for five weeks the blisters spreading all the time. Then I tried Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I bathed her in warm water with plenty of Cuticura Soap and covered the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment. The next morning we were surprised at the improvement in her and in two weeks she was completely cured. I have used nothing but Cuticura Soap on my youngest child since its birth." (Signed) Mrs. Sara Richmond, Jan. 11, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. A single set is often sufficient. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Terrier-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

EXEMPT.

MONEY ON DEPOSIT IN OUR PARTICIPATION (SAVING) ACCOUNT IS NOT LIABLE TO TAXATION.

Deposits made on or before FEBRUARY 15 draw interest from February 1.

Dividends February and August.

Industrial Trust Company.

Office with Newport Trust Co.

CHAFING DISHES





With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the meal.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT THE

T. Mumford Seabury COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
Acid and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and time-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
Can be applied over old roofs
Elastic and Pliable
Fire-Resisting.

WHAT IS IT?

CONGO

Never-Leak Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

7 Oak Street.

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka Harness Oil — **Mica Axle Grease**

Sold by Dealers everywhere

Standard Oil Co. of New York

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"Is the boss accessible?" asked the stranger.

"I don't know what that means," answered the boy. "Go in and ask him yourself."—Buffalo Express.

USE

Diamond Hill BIRD

—AND—

Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST.

White and Clean.

INSURES

Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY

Newport Compressed Brick Co.

Newport, R. I.

5-2-tf

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician,

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal or the lines have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co's are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—5:30 p. m.

RHODE ISLAND.

STATE COLLEGE.

STANDARD COURSES IN

Agriculture, Engineering, Applied Science, Home Economics } B. S. Degree

SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in

Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Domestic Economy } Certificate

Free Tuition. Excellent Equipment. Board $3.75 per week; lodging, heat, light, 84 cents per week.

Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. Location beautiful, healthful and accessible.

Address STATE COLLEGE

1-25-tf

SAVED A DOUGLAS.

Sir William Ramsay's Quick Wit at the Battle of Poitiers.

In the battle of Poitiers (1356) a number of Scottish soldiers fought on the side of the French, and several of them were taken prisoners by the English. Among them was Sir Archibald Douglas. Being dressed in a suit of splendid armor, the victors thought they had captured—as indeed they had—some great nobleman. Several of the English were about to strip off his armor when Sir William Ramsay of Colluthie, who was also a prisoner, happening to catch Sir Archibald's eye, gave him a meaning look.

Pretending to be very angry, he cried out: "You rascal, how is it that you are wearing your master's armor? Come here and pull off my boots!" Douglas, seemingly thoroughly cowed, went humbly forward and drew off a boot, with which Sir William began to beat him. The English onlookers at once interfered on Douglas' behalf, saying that he was a person of great rank and a lord.

"What!" shouted Ramsay. "He a lord? Why, he is a base knave and, I suppose, has slain his master. Go, you villain, and search the field for the body of my cousin, your master, and when you have found it let me know, that I may give it decent burial."

All this was acted so naturally that the English allowed Ramsay to ransom the pretended manservant for 40 shillings. The money having been paid, Sir William gave Douglas another thrashing and then bade him begone. Sir Archibald lost no time in effecting his escape, which he owed solely to the ingenuity of his friend.

BULLS IN PARLIAMENT.

The Welcome Sound That Cheered Lord Balfour of Burleigh.

It would be hard to say which of England's two houses of legislature "takes the cake" for committing howlers, and still more difficult to pick out the member who has taken pride of place in this respect during recent years. But perhaps for simple effectiveness Lord Balfour of Burleigh would be hard to beat when he said, "The noble lord shakes his head, and I am glad to hear it!"

Another noble lord during a debate on Indian affairs exclaimed: "Talk of this as a loan to India! It is a flea bite in the ocean!" Nevertheless it stands to reason that the lower house is more prolific in quantity, if not in quality, in its stock of howlers than the upper, seeing that it has so many more opportunities.

Captain Craig, the fiery Ulsterman, cooked the following oratorical stew: "The naked sword is drawn for the fight, and never again will the black smoke of the Nationalists' tar barrels drift on the home rule wind to darken the hearts of Englishmen." If anything could kill home rule one would think that would.

Sir W. Hart Dyke was criticising the standing order forbidding peers from speaking during general elections. Some one had quoted Lord Halsbury as doing so, and Sir William solemnly said, "I must admit that the honorable gentleman has gone to the top of the tree and caught a very large fish."—London Tit-Bits.

Easy.

"Henry," she said, "I wish I could organize a society of some kind. It seems to be the only way to secure social recognition in this town."

"Well, why don't you go ahead and organize one?"

"I can't think of anything that I'm an authority on. If I should organize a drama club some other woman who knew more about the drama than I would butt in and get herself elected president. It would be the same way with suffrage, ethical culture and child study and music. I'm unfortunately not an authority on any of these things, and if I got up a society I should, of course, want to be the head of it."

"Well, why not organize a Browning club? You can pretend to know all about Browning, and the other women who pretend to know all about him won't know whether you're fooling them or not."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Five Varieties of Salmon.

Kamchatka has five varieties of salmon—chavitcha (king salmon), krasnaia (red salmon), keta (dog salmon), gorbusha (humpback salmon) and kishutch (sockeye salmon). The run of chavitcha begins about May 10 to 20 (old style) during the period of spring rains and the overflow of muddy water. They run in large schools, and the run continues for several days. The fish, which weigh twenty to twenty-five pounds, is purely a Kamchatka fish and is not found in the Okhotsk and other districts.—Consular and Trade Reports.

He Didn't Hush.

"Mamma," queried little Willie, "what is 'hush?'"

"Why do you ask, dear?" said his mother.

"Because," explained the observing urchin, "when I asked sister what made her hair all mussed after her beau was here this afternoon she said, 'Hush, dear.'"—Chicago News.

Deadlier and Safer.

"Let's send the czar a bomb concealed in a plum pudding."

"Why not merely send him a plum pudding?" suggested the other callous plotter. "If he eats it our work is done and we run no risks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Too Big a Load.

"Where have you been?"

"Shtopped at cafe to get a drink."

"John, you haven't got as bad as that at a cafe. You've been to a brewery!"—London Opinion.

Only Then.

"Does your husband snore in his sleep, madam?"

"Well, doctor, I have never noticed him snoring at any other time."—Baltimore American.

STORIES OF SHERIDAN.

The Great Writer Had a Hard Time Dodging His Creditors.

Like many a brilliant man before and since his time, Richard Brinsley Sheridan had a habit of resting on his oars a bit too long when he thought himself tired. Then, finding himself short of money, he would borrow. This habit increased with his years, and, moreover, his efforts to discharge his obligations grew less and less. His reputation at last was such that tradesmen demanded cash on delivery.

Benjamin Robert Haydon, who was himself woefully addicted to the same bad habit, tells with evident glee two stories of his fellow sufferer.

A butcher one day brought a leg of mutton to Sheridan's house. The cook took it, put it into the kettle, and went upstairs for the money. As she stayed away some time, the man entered the kitchen, took off the cover of the kettle, fished out the joint and walked off with it.

But the laugh was not always on Sheridan. A creditor whom he had successfully avoided for some time came plump upon him as he emerged from Pall Mall. There was no possibility of dodging, but Sheridan did not lose his presence of mind.

"Oh," said he, "that's a beautiful mare you're on!"

"D'ye think so?"

"Yes, indeed. How does she trot?"

The creditor was pleased—even flattered. He told Sheridan he should see and immediately urged the mare to do her prettiest. But long before the animal's best pace was reached, Sheridan had turned again into Pall Mall and was lost in the crowd.—Exchange.

NEATNESS IN ATTIRE.

It Not Only Impresses Others, but Is a Factor in Self Respect.

The fixed habit of presenting always a neat and cleanly appearance to the world is sure of a double reward. It not only creates a favorable impression, but begets a sustaining self respect. It is scarcely reasonable of a man who does not respect himself to look for much consideration from others. It is not the cost of clothing, but the scrupulous care of it that counts. The man of slender means should be neither "toppy" nor "sloppy," but always tidy and neat in his attire, seeing himself with the coldly critical eye of a possible employer to whom an applicant's dress may mean much more than his address or politest deportment.

Style in writing, as defined by the fastidious Chesterfield, is the dress of thoughts, so the true style of the average man may be correctly surmised from the care he takes of his personal appearance. He needs not be finicky, but should always be free of grease spots and dust. He should like his bath even if it has to be taken by means of a bucket. He should never neglect to brush his hair, his shoes, his teeth, his coat, trousers and hat. If he can't afford a pressing iron he should put coat and trousers under the mattress and sleep upon them. If laundry is a serious item, he should wash his own handkerchiefs, dry them on the window panes and never by any chance be seen with a soiled one.—Philadelphia Press.

A One Time Literary Mystery.

In the Newry Telegraph, an Ulster (Ireland) triweekly, on April 19, 1817, under the simple head of "Poetry" appeared what Byron called "the most perfect ode in the language"—"The Burial of Sir John Moore." Byron or Campbell or any of the others to whom this poem was variously ascribed would doubtless have been proud to claim it. But the author was the obscure curate of Ballyclog, in Tyrone, Rev. Charles Wolfe, and the fame of the piece was but a posthumous fame for him. Not until his death of consumption in 1823 at the early age of thirty-two did the authorship become known to the world. And Wolfe, who wrote much other verse of merit, is remembered only by that one poem which sprang from the columns of a provincial newspaper to universal recognition in the big world of letters.—London Chronicle.

Larvae Nests.

By breaking open rotten logs one can find in midwinter the grubs or larvae of many of the wood boring beetles, and beneath logs and stones near the margins of ponds and brooks hordes of the maggots or larvae of certain kinds of flies may often be found huddled together in great masses. The larvae of a few butterflies also live over winter beneath chips or bunches of leaves near the roots of their food plant or in webs of their own construction, which are woven on the stems close to the buds whose expanding leaves will furnish them their first meal in spring.

The Perverse Sex.

"I thought you had such a good maid coming?"

"I did. But when she called up on the phone my husband answered her."

"Well?"

"Well, he was so much charmed by her voice that I didn't engage her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Turn About.

"The doctor made me show him my tongue, and it cost me $2, but I got even."

"How?"

"In a poker game last night I made him show me his hands, and it cost him $5."—New York Times.

Short Stories.

One child out of three in the United States dies before its tenth year.

In point of time Europe and America are nearer together now than London and Edinburgh were 200 years ago.

In sixteen years American farms have yielded produce valued at $105,000,000,000. The 1912 yield is valued at $9,532,000,000.

The elk that winter in the Yellowstone National park now amount to over 30,000, according to the report of the acting superintendent of the park.

The Story Bunsen Told.

Bunsen, the great German scientist, was extremely absentminded. He had had his evening clothes put out that he might attend a card party to which he had been invited, but forgot all about it until the next morning, when his man pointed out that the evening clothes had not been worn. And then he remarked to himself, "I know what I'll do." That evening he put on his dress clothes, went to the lady's house at the appointed time and walked in as if it were the day upon which he had been invited. The hostess, much too polite to tell him that he had mistaken the evening and that the party had taken place on the previous night, sent to her friends asking them to come in to play a rubber again. They did so. In the course of the evening the conversation turned on absentmindedness, and Bunsen began to tell them what had happened to him a long time ago—how that he had forgotten an invitation and how he had made up his mind to go the next night—and thus he told the party the whole story, forgetting altogether that he was giving them an account of what was happening at the very moment.

No Sense of Humor.

One man met another man on the street, and the first man said to the second man:

"Hello, Jim! You're just the man I wanted to see. I have a new one for you."

"A new what?" asked the second man of the first man suspiciously.

"A new conundrum."

"There ain't any such thing. If it's good it ain't new, and if it's new it ain't"—

"Cut it! Now listen. What's the difference between a poet and a plumber?"

"Aw, that's easy. A poet never has any money, and a"—

"You're way off. Anybody knows that difference. Now, listen; here's the answer. A poet pipes a lay and a plumber lays a"—

"My plumber don't. He"—

"Aw, what's the use of telling a good joke to a man without a sense of humor?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Universal Word.

One of the first words that a baby says is mamma or mother, and it is not strange, therefore, to find it one of the first and simplest words in every language. There is no word easier for a child to say than "ma" unless it be "pa." In Hebrew and Arabic mother is "em" and "am." It is "mam" in Welsh and "moder" in Anglo-Saxon. In other languages it is slightly different, but near enough like our own word "mother" to make it an almost universal word, so that a child crying the word in any language could be understood in almost any other language. Here are a few of the names:

Made in Persian.	Moder in Swedish.
Matr in Sanskrit.	Moder in Danish.
Meter in Greek.	Moeder in Dutch.
Mater in Latin.	Mutter in German.
Madre in Italian.	Mater in Russian.
Mere in French.	Mathair in Celtic.

Some Odd Wills.

One of the oldest documents of the will kind known was that of Queen Austrigilda, consort of King Goutrum of Burgundy. The dying princess enjoined upon her husband to slay and bury in the same grave with her the physicians who had attended her. Another will was that of a husband who forbade his wife's marrying on pain of his returning to haunt her. This is quite different from that of a woman who instructed her executors to seek out "some nice, good, pretty girl" who would make an affectionate second wife to her spouse.

Early Beds.

The beds of the ancients were piles of skins. The first beds resembling those used in modern times were made of rushes and later of straw. The use of feathers in making beds has been attributed to the Romans, and Elagabalus (Heliogabalus) is said to have used an air cushion for a pillow in 218. Air beds were frequently used during the sixteenth century. Feather beds were largely used during the reign of Henry VIII. of England.

Corrected.

The teacher had written on the blackboard the sentence, "The toast was drank in silence," and turned to her class for them to discover the mistake.

Little Bennie Sheridan waved his hand frantically and, going to the board, scrawled the correction, "The toast was ate in silence."—Everybody's.

How She Knew.

"I knew you were going to propose to me tonight, Jack."

"How did you do it?"

"Because mamma left the room so quickly after your arrival. She is one of the most discerning women you ever saw."—Fun.

More Than Lucky.

"Brown's a lucky dog."

"What's he been doing now?"

"You know that $1,000 he inherited a year ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, he still has it."—Detroit Free Press.

One Better.

Nip Bones is speaker of the house and only thirty. Tuck—That's nothing. My wife became speaker of the house as soon as I married her, and she was only twenty-two.—Magazine of Fun.

Knew His Geography.

A prominent theatrical manager of New York city strolled into one of the leading hotels of the metropolis with Colonel William F. Cody and met Jim Thornton, the eccentric monologist.

The manager greeted Mr. Thornton and, turning to Cody, said, "I would like to have you meet my friend here, Mr. Thornton."

"Mr. Thornton, this is Colonel William F. Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill."

Mr. Thornton, gripping the wild west showman's hand, said: "Glad to know you, Bill. What part of Buffalo are you from?"—National Monthly.

THE ROSARY.

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me.
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer,
To still a heart in absence wrung.
I tell each bead unto the end,
And there a cross is hung.

Oh, memories, that bless and burn!
Oh, barren gain and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross,
Sweetheart,
To kiss the cross.
—Robert Cameron Rogers.

NATURE AND ART IN ORATORY.

I am aware that it is also a question whether nature or learning contributes most to oratory. This inquiry, however, has no concern with the subject of my work, for a perfect orator can be formed only with the aid of both, but I think it of great importance how far we consider that there is a question on the point. If you suppose either to be independent of the other nature will be able to do much without learning, but learning will be of no avail without the assistance of nature. But if they be united in equal parts I shall be inclined to think that when both are but moderate the influence of nature is nevertheless the greater, but finished orators, I consider, owe more to learning than to nature. Thus the best husbandman cannot improve soil of no fertility, while from fertile ground something good will be produced even without the aid of the husbandman. Yet if the husbandman bestows his labor on rich land he will produce more effect than the goodness of the soil itself.—Quintilian.

REFORMS IN AMERICA.

One of the superstitions of America is that all reforms will proceed from education; therefore there is a prospect of early development of the educational system, giving equal educational opportunities to all. This is the alleged ideal of America today. It is defeated by the exactions of the industrial system, discriminations against race and sex and the early materialistic ideal of culture. These give promise of being transformed before many more fundamental social changes take place. Our humanitarian tendencies will lead us to provide for defectives and dependents more scientifically than we do today. Leniency to first offenders, a generous parole system, the employment of prisoners and the payment of their wages to their families, will transform the penal system. Defectives are treated scientifically in many parts of the country, and the study of eugenics has not only begun, but has led to significant applications in many of our states. The great dependent classes for which no provision has as yet been made are the two kinds of unemployed, the jobless worker and the subsidized parasite. Employment agencies and a just system of taxation will tend to eliminate these.—Professor Charles Zueblin.

AS TO DYING.

When some men die it is as if you had lost your penknife and were subject to perpetual inconvenience until you could get another. Other men's going is like the vanishing of a great mountain from the landscape, and the outlook of life is changed forever.—Phillips Brooks.

THE SONNET.

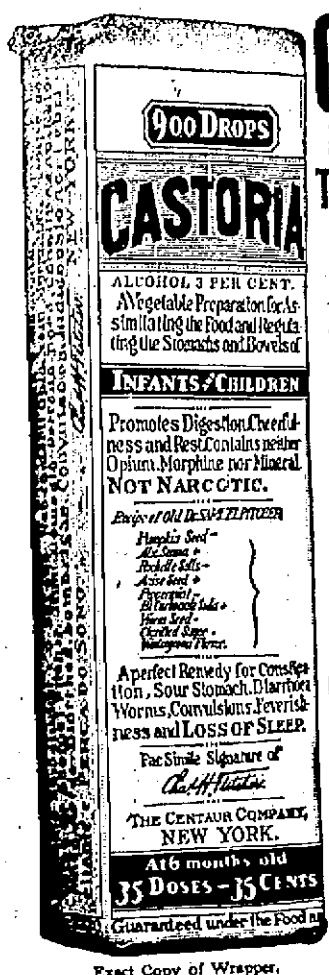
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the faroff murmuring sea.
A precious jewel carved most curiously.
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy.
A two edged sword, a song, a star—ah, me.
Sometimes a heavy tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath.
That solemn organ whereon Milton played
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls.
A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
For, like a fiord, the narrow floor is laid
Midocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.
—Richard Watson Gilder.

Pleasant.

"Oh, George, I'm so glad you've come!" exclaimed the girl. "Father is so excited and disturbed! Do go in and calm him."

"Very well," replied George. "What's the matter with him?"

"Why—er—I just told him you wanted to marry me."



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Hard Lines.

Aboard the great ship the silence of despair reigned. She had struck on an uncharted reef, and, owing to the heavy sea, the boats had either been stove in against the ship's side or swamped in the attempt to lower. A stalwart passenger stole up to the captain's side.

"Do you think, sir," he asked, "that there is the slightest chance of our being saved?"

"Look here," said the skipper in tones of disgust, "that's the sixth time you've asked me that question. Why, you great lubberly brute, I believe you're the biggest coward aboard!"

"S-sh! No, I'm not," protested the burly one. "But, look here. You see that old duffer standing by the rail? Well, he's my rich uncle, and all my life I've had to put up with his cussed cantankerousness. But if the ship's going down and there's no hope I'd like time to give him one good, sound belting to square the little account I owe him!"

Just then a rescue ship appeared on the scene, and above the joyful shout the rancorous voice of the old man by the rail was heard, commanding his dutiful nephew to fetch his hot water bottle from his waterlogged stateroom.

Gallant Claude Duval.

Claude Duval, the gallant robber of men's purses and ladies' hearts, was of French extraction. Duval became so rich with his ill gotten gains that he was enabled to retire from the profession and return to France. But a quiet life, free from the excitement of his old career, did not agree with his adventurous spirit. He returned again to England and resumed his avocation. At length he was captured at the Hole in the Wall, in Chandos street.

While in prison awaiting his doom many ladies of position visited him and endeavored to obtain his release, but justice was inexorable, and he was hanged at Tyburn in January, 1670. His epitaph in St. Paul's church, Covent Garden, speaks of him as "Old Tyburn's glory, England's illustrious thief," and tells us:

Here lies Duval. Reader, if male thou art,
Look to thy purse; if female, to thy heart.
Much havoc has he made of both.

Inverted Trees.

A foreign railway company has solved the plan of getting good shade trees in a short time, though they may be small. The trees are so arranged that after two years' time they will give as much shade as trees in the ordinary way of setting out would give that are fifteen or twenty years old. The company gets a small elm tree, preferably, digging this, roots and all, from the ground. The tree then is set the top part being set into the ground, and the roots are left in the air. The tree then grows, forms roots on what originally was the top of a tree, and the original roots that now take the place of the branches begin to leaf out and form a complete foliage very quickly. Beautiful specimens of such inverted trees are to be seen by the fountains in Kensington gardens, London.—New York Press.

The Discovery of Iron.

The stone age, bronze age and iron age so overlap one another it is impossible to say just when one begins or ends. Men began to use both bronze and iron long before stone had ceased to be used. In fact, America was in the stone age so late as its discovery by Columbus 400 years ago. It is safe to say that history proper and the iron age were born together anywhere from 8,000 to 10,000 year ago. It is more than likely that men gained their first information concerning the properties of iron through experiments with the pieces of it that had fallen from the sky in the shape of meteors.

Permanent.

Maud—Are you engaged to Jack for good? Ethel—It looks that way. I don't think he'll ever be in a position to marry me.—Boston Transcript.

The Passing of Napoleon.

Mr. Loraine Petre has managed to say something almost new about Napoleon, no small feat in these days of intimate research. In his "Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany, 1813," he tells us that Napoleon's overthrow was accompanied if not actually caused by the changed conditions of his adversaries. He found himself no longer fighting against dynasties with their disciplined and hired armies, but against whole peoples "encouraged by the examples of Spain and Russia to rise en masse against the tyranny of the oppressor." Mr. Petre reminds us of the story first told by Lord Acton of Napoleon's realization that his star was on the decline. Lord Acton says: "Having been repulsed at Laon by the Prussians, Napoleon tried his fortune against the Austrians and was defeated at Arcis. It was here he understood that the end had come and that he rode forward and stood over a shell about to explode. An officer on the point of uttering a warning cry was stopped by another, who said, 'Don't you see that he is doing it on purpose and wants to have it over?' It is related that Grouchy said of Napoleon at Waterloo, 'Il a oublie l'art de la guerre' (He has forgotten the art of war.)—Argonaut.

Jack Horner a Reality.

Few people know that the nursery legend of "Little Jack Horner" conceals a real tragedy. At the reformation the chief of an abbey in the west of England resolved to surrender and in token thereof to send the deeds of the religious house to Henry VIII. at Whitehall. For security's sake the abbot placed the documents in a pie dish and covered them with crust. The dish, without saying a word about the contents, he gave to a lout, Jack Horner, with instructions to carry it by road to the king in London. About halfway Jack Horner became ravenous and came to the conclusion that it was foolish of him to starve while he was the custodian of a pie. So he broke the crust and put in his thumb and pulled out—a roll of parchments! The disgusted Jack Horner chucked the lot into an adjacent brook. The nonarrival of the deeds caused Bluff King Hal to suspect the abbot of contumacy, so his majesty commanded that the poor cleric should be hanged.—New York Sun.

Feats For an Emperor.

Lady Mary Montagu's Italian habit of waking at 7 a. m. to drink asses' milk and then going to sleep again was only a feeble rivalry of the program of the Emperor Charles V. At 5 a. m. he breakfasted on a fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. Then he slumbered again. His next meal was at noon, when he dined, partaking always of twenty dishes. Two suppers came later, one after vespers (what we might call a high tea) and the other at midnight or 1 a. m., the most substantial meal of the four. After meat he disposed of vast quantities of pastry and sweetmeats, and the whole was washed down with copious drafts of beer and wine. It took forty years of such feeding to make not his appetite, but his taste, fail. He then began to find all food insipid.—London Tatler.

Sheathing a Ship.

Sheathing a ship is covering the bottom with a sheath of copper. In all seas, but particularly in those of the tropics, the hulls of ships are liable to the attack of certain worms which penetrate the hardest wood and have been known in the course of a few months to damage the hull so as to render the vessel worthless. Copper sheathing protects the ship not only against the attacks of these borers, but also against decay, and is especially valuable in the case of iron ships, the metal rapidly oxidizing and becoming brittle when exposed to the action of the sea water.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
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The Heels of Fortune.

The little man waiting on the curb suddenly darted across the street. At least he started the dart. He ran around an auto truck, ducked behind an electric coupe, and found himself in front of a street car. And then a strong arm grasped him and drew him out of danger and piloted him to the curb.

"You mustn't do that sort of thing," said the rescuer. "It isn't good for your health."

The little man smiled.

"When it is not to be, it is not to be," he said, with a queer foreign accent. He was a dark little man with a short, black beard, and his clothes were old and shabby and ill-fitting. And when he smiled his eyes seemed to close. They were closed now as John Lloyd looked down at him.

"All right," said John, and he tapped the little man on the shoulder in a friendly manner. "Have it your own way." He moved along and left the dark little man looking after him and the little man's eyes were wide open, as his glance followed John's retreating figure.

"The little chap must have been a fatalist," said John to himself. "I don't think I ever met one before." He smiled. "But a crowded thoroughfare is a busy place to call attention to the faith. 'What is to be, is to be.' It sounds rather comforting after all. I suppose a fatalist may be described as a man who philosophically sits around and doesn't grumble, if the knock never comes, might easily become a fatalist myself—all the conditions are favorable."

And his expression hardened as he trudged along. Presently he crossed the park and entered the tall business hive that held the cell that he called the office. As he unlocked the door the postman handed him his mail.

"More circulars," he grumbled. "More good advertising misplaced. Five circulars and one bill. A fair average."

He hung up his hat and outer coat and dropped into his desk chair.

"Bring on your opportunity," he grumbled. "The curtain's up. The door is ajar."

And just then a light tap fell on the casing.

John Lloyd gave a quick gasp.

"Come in," he said.

A dark face appeared in the opening, a bearded face, and the shabby little man of the highway disclosed himself.

John Lloyd laughed, and the little man's eyes closed and John knew he was laughing, too.

"Come in, friend fatalist," said the young man. "Here, sit down."

The little man shyly entered and seated himself on the edge of the chair. Then he slowly looked around.

"You pretty well, mister?" he asked.

"Quite well, thank you," John replied. "How is it with you?"

The little man nodded.

"Quite same," he said. Then he touched his upper with a lean brown finger and rapped himself on the chest. And when he had made these motions he pointed to John and nodded again.

"You mean'm sound in wind and limb," laughed John. "Guess that's true. I seem to be sound enough in very way except financially."

"Business not sound?" said the little man.

"Exactly so," laughed John. "Business is about as unsound as it can be."

"Why is business so?" the little man demanded.

John shrugged his shoulders.

"When it is not to be, it is not to be," he said with a quick smile.

The visitor's eyes closed and he nodded in a jerky way.

"If it is, it is," he said.

"Nothing can be clearer," said John with a little chuckle. "And its a very comforting theory."

The visitor spread out his brown hands with a single gesture. Then he drew from the side pocket of his shabby coat a little parcel. He took from it two disks of what looked like black leather.

"Hold on," said John Lloyd. "I can't buy anything today. No change."

The visitor shook his head.

"Some little present," he said, and pointed at John's shoes. Then he looked at the disks.

"Oh! I see what they are," he said. "Rubber heels."

The little man shook his head vigorously.

"No rubber," he said. "Gum."

"Gum?"

"Gum!"

"Gum from ho tree."

"Eh! What are you? Hindoo?"

"Me Afghan."

"And these heel plates are gum from the fig tree?"

"Ho tree, pippul tree. Very sacred tree.

"That's interesting." John took the disks and looked them over. "They resemble rubber. Must have been molded under heavy pressure."

The little man smiled.

"Me give you," he said, "very good—no slip, easy walk, easy run."

John laughed.

"All right," he said, "and thank you."

"I put them on," said the little man, "You give me shoes."

With another laugh John slipped off his shoes and the little man took the disks and with a long, keen knife, trimmed them to fit, and producing a stick of what looked like sealing wax and emitted a pungent smell when lighted, heated the surface of the disks and clapped them to the leather heels and held them there a little while.

"Very close stick," he said as he handed back the shoes. He arose while John tied them and then put out his brown hand.

"Fine walking," he said with his eyes closed shut. He took John's hand, turned it over and looked closely at the palm.

"What will be, will be," he said.

John laughed.

"No doubt of that."

The dark man turned away. He made a sweeping gesture with his hands.

"May your feet carry you far and swift along the white highway," he said, and was gone.

John called a good-by after him and laughed as he did so. Then he arose and walked about the room. His feet seemed strangely light as he put his weight on the resilient heels. But in a moment or two he quite forgot them, having certain letters on his mind. He wrote these letters and then needing postage stamps, went down to the substation just around the corner. When he came back to thee big building and stepped into the lobby he saw a group of people about the elevator doors. A boy looked round at him with a grin.

"Nothin' doin'," he said. "Some-thin' wrong with th' engine."

John Lloyd smiled back at the boy.

"The walking is good," he suggested.

"Not f'r me," chuckled the boy. "I ain't lift'n' no 120 pounds 16 stories, Gee, I wish I knew how long they'd be fixing it. There's a dandy picture show around th' corner."

A man with a uniform cap who was standing by the grating looked around.

"It will be at least an hour before th' repairs are completed," he announced.

John Lloyd heard a little groan behind him. A very stout man who had been standing close beside him fell back and wiped his flushed face with his handkerchief.

"This is awful!" he groaned.

"What's the trouble?" John sympathetically asked.

"Why I've got a package of papers here that must be delivered at a directors' meeting on the 14th floor. It's most important. It affects the fate of an important corporation. If the package isn't there before 12 o'clock noon the consequences will be most serious. An' the elevators are out running!" And he gave another groan.

John Lloyd looked at his watch. He pricked himself on carrying the exact time. It was just 11:55. He suddenly felt sorry for the stout man.

"Give me the package," he said.

"You! What's your name?"

"John Lloyd. My office is on the same floor."

The stout man give him a swift look.

"C-can you do it?" he stammered.

"I do't know. I think so. The package."

The stout man thrust in into his hands.

"My name's there on the envelope," he gasped. "Telephone me. Go!"

John Lloyd dashed to the stairway and began the long climb. He breathed slowly, husbanding his wind. To his surprise the first flight failed to fatigue him in the least. He had expected the rapid ascent would tell on his unused leg muscles. But, no, he found the second flight even easier than the first. He quickened his speed a little. At the fourth flight he was going lightly and easily, a sort of rhythm creeping into his tread as he pressed the iron steps. At the seventh flight, with half the journey done, he paused for a moment and kicked out vigorously. There were no cramps in his stout limbs, no knotted cords. And what was equally strange he was breathing easily and naturally. Yet he had covered those flights at a racing pace.

He hurried on. His feet seemed strangely light and he fancied they liked the rhythm that continued to dance through his head. On, on, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12! He marveled at himself. A feeling that was almost akin to fear crept into his heart. This was uncanny. The stone walls rushed by, the black steps arose in front of him. Up, up, 13 14! There was the staring black number on the white wall!

He expected to stagger as he left the last step. But no, his feet urged him onward and then he glanced at the bulky envelope that was clutched in his hand.

"Thompson & Segriet," he muttered. "The big railway contractors. Here we are." He rushed through the open door and looked around. Four clerks stared at him. There was an inner door. He started toward it.

"You can't go in there," said one of the clerks. "It's a directors' meeting."

John Lloyd pushed him aside and threw open the door. Seven men seated about a library table looked up. John had his watch in one hand and the precious package in the other. He dropped the package on the table.

"One minute of 12," he said.

Every watch came out. Every head nodded.

"In time," gasped a gray-haired man at the head of the table, and he eagerly tore open the big envelope.

"Where's Rossiter?" inquired the man nearest John.

"I left him on the street level—the elevators are not running."

"What!" cried the man. "Did you walk up all those flights?"

"Walk!" laughed John. "I ran."

They stared at him again.

"Bless my soul!" said the oldest man. "Why, you must be nearly dead! Sit down, please. Let me get you a glass of water."

"I never felt better in my life," said John. "Oh, I mustn't forget, Mr. Rossiter wanted me to telephone him if all was right."

"Telephone right here," said the oldest man. "Tell him it's all right and I'll confirm it. Center 2-0-3-0-1."

John took up the receiver.

"This is John Lloyd, Mr. Rossiter. Your stairway messenger. Yes, yes. Arrived just a minute ahead of schedule. I'm in the directors' room now. The gentleman are all here. You're very welcome. Oh, I'm all right. Yes, John Lloyd. Constructing engineer. Yes, on the same floor. Glad to see you any time. Oh, don't mention it. Wait until the elevators are thoroughly tested. One moment, sir. One of the gentlemen wants to talk to you." And he handed the receiver to the oldest man.

He sat down suddenly and put one foot on his knee. The heel he looked at—the disk the little man had attached—was badly worn down. So was the other.

"What am I to think of all this?" said John Lloyd. "It looks like witchcraft. What was it the little dark man said about the white highway? Was his knock at the door the knock of opportunity? Is there magic in these bo heels? Or has fickle fortune turned her wheel my way by mere chance? I'll be a fatalist myself if this keeps on. Pull up, John."

And then he arose suddenly and went to his little bookcase and took down a technical work and read it long and diligently.

"This will rub the the sobwebs out of my brain," he growled, as he opened the book.

He was still reading when somebody spoke to him.

"Busy boy," said a friendly voice. He looked up quickly. It was the eminent Roossiter. John arose quickly and gave the capitalist a chair. And the capitalist shook hands with him warmly.

"Any bad effects from that rapid rise in the world?" he asked.

"None that I've discovered," John replied.

"You're a wonder," said the older man. "But then, I've heard of a number of finer things you've done."

"Who could have told you?" laughed John.

"Why, I have a visitor at my office who knows you well. Your college president, Dr. McCormick. Are you at liberty just now?"

"Why, yes," John replied.

"Then I want you to come over and meet the doctor. He will be there when we get back. And another thing. I have asked him to dinner and want you to be my guest, too. It will please both of us. Yes, yes, I'm more indebted to you than you imagine. Yes, and I took the liberty of calling up my daughter and telling her you and the doctor were coming. And she said she had met you and would be glad to meet you again. You will accept?"

"Gladly," John replied.

"Good. Now we will join the doctor. Come."

They went down in the elevator.

"Funy things about life, isn't it?" said the capitalist. "Three hours ago I had never heard of you. Then comes a critical moment. I am at my wit's end. And lo! there you are at my elbow, willing, swift, efficient. An hour later I hear all about you from an unexpected source. I think we are going to be very good friends, young man."

"I hope so, sir."

"I want to have a business talk with you tomorrow—a talk coupled with a proposition that I think you will accept.

They stepped from the doorway and onto the walk.

"Why, where's my car?" the capitalist cried. "By Jove, there it goes! See it? The high car with the dull red body. Somebody is making way with it!"

John Lloyd was out in the roadway and running at top speed. The thief had been hampered a little at the start, but he was hitting up a fair pace. John was out of training, but he never ran more easily. When he ran his great half mile against Jarvis he was far more distressed at the outset. A policeman yelled at him, 50 voices roared unintelligibly. The thief slackened speed for a moment, a loaded wagon was in the way. And in that moment John caught him, and drew himself up on the footboard and struck the fellow—a hard-faced young loafer a stinging blow and caught away the wheel and ran the car along the curb, and there halted it. A policeman came panting up.

"You'er a great runner, all right, my lad," he gasped. "Here, I'll take him. Come out of that." And he hundled the young tough onto the walk. "It's Rossiter's car, isn't it?"

"Yes," John replied. "I'll go back for him."

But before he swung around he looked down at his shoes. He gave a little start. The disks the dark man had given him were entirely worn away.

"Well, they served their purpose," murmured John.

The eminent capitalist stared at the young man.

"Say," he said, "I've had two pretty strong warnings. It's quite evident I need you, my young friend. Do you believe in fatalism?"

John suddenly laughed.

"A little," he answered.—W. H. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Street Car Episode.

Out on the street not a soul was to be seen, not a heel was to be heard, but the car was crowded.

Mabel Hinteslide, who had an idea that women are as good as men, if not better, and just as much entitled to vote and to hang onto trolley straps, frowned as the handsome young man started to rise.

"Keep your seat," she said. "I am capable of standing. And, reaching forth a hand that could coax a classic out of a pianoforte and hurl a suffrage stone though a window with equal facility, she pushed Harold Hemmingweight back into his seat again.

But Harold Hemmingweight, apparently, was a stickler for etiquette.

"I beg of you—" he said and rose again, and once more Mabel Hinteslide pushed him forcibly but not ungracefully back into his seat. "I have a right to stand and I insist on it," she cried.

Four times did Harold Hemmingweight endeavor to rise and four times did Mabel Hinteslide push him back again into his seat.

It was not until the young man was on the verge of tears that he could make her understand he was five blocks beyond his destination.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Coney Island Sensation.

Of course all the bathers were terribly scared. A shark—actually a shark—had made its way to the usually placid waters of Coney Island. But when it was safely caught they flocked to the tent where it was being exhibited, and willingly paid their money for the privilege of seeing it.

"A Man-Eating Shark," read the announcement outside the tent. It drew a big crowd, including a couple of farmers, who sat down on the grass for the best part of an hour, and eyed the slimy monster in awed expectation.

"Hey, there," remarked one at last, as the attendant went by, "When's the man comin' out?"

"What man?"

"Why, the man' who's going to eat the shark."

"There ain't none," retorted the attendant.

"Then what do you mean," exclaimed the native angrily, "by sticking up a sign to say that you show a man eating shark, eh? Come along, Will! I thought it was a swindle!"

Kept it to Himself.

When little Teddy displayed the shining new quarter which Mr. Ringloss had given him down at the corner store, mother naturally asked if the little boy had said "thank you," to father's friend.

No answer.

"Surely you thanked Mr. Ringloss," she persisted.

Still no answer. Trouble was indicated on the little face.

"Teddy, listen. You ought to have said, 'Thank you, sir.' Did you?"

No answer yet.

"Come here, dear little son. Tell mamma, now. Did you thank Mr. Ringloss for the quarter?"

"I told him 'Tsank you,' an' he said not to mention it; an' I tried not to."—Christian Endeavor World.

In Spare Moments.

A bright lad, on seeing a 'Help Wanted" sign on a country house, entered and inquired about the work. "Oh, yes," said the suburbanite, "I am looking for a young man to feed and water the horses, milk the cows, cut the grass, go the errands, cook my meals, chop the wood and be my companion."

"And is there any clay on your property?" said the young man.

"Why, what has that to do with it?" asked the old gentleman.

"Oh," replied the youth, "I thought maybe I could use the spare time making bricks."—Newark Morning Star.

Jilting Him.

Maud Muller was raking the hay.

"I'm an intelligent agriculturalist at the very time you are in danger of the recall," she exclaimed in refusing the judge.—New York Sun.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
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Spread of the Gypsy and Brown-tail Moths.

The work of suppressing the gypsy and brown-tail moths which has been prosecuted vigorously by the State in co-operation with the Bureau of Entomology of the National Department of Agriculture during the past ten months has revealed a considerable spread of both pests during the year 1911 when the State was compelled to stop work because of lack of appropriations. The original territory found infested by the gypsy moth when the State and Federal campaign began in 1905 and 1906 embraced Providence, North Providence, Pawtucket and East Providence. A few egg cluster were found in Woonsocket, in Cumberland and in Warren, also in Johnston and Cranston near the Providence line. During the campaign from from 1905-1910 the insect was practically exterminated in outlying districts and during the last year of this period only a few hundred egg clusters were discovered in Providence. Since 1910 the insect has multiplied rapidly in various places within the old territory and vigorous colonies have been established in new locations in outlying districts, notably in the Buttonwoods section, the southern part of Cumberland, Woonsocket, Pascoag, Chepachet and Bristol.

The brown-tail which originally was found largely in East Providence and Pawtucket, has now spread as far as Portsmouth, Middletown and Newport on the East side of the Bay and to East Greenwich, Coventry, North Scituate, Gloucester and Burrillville on the West side. The rest of the State between these western towns and the Massachusetts line are more or less infested with the insect.

This vastly increased territory, infested by the two insects makes it impossible for the State and the Federal Government workers to cover the ground thoroughly. This is especially true with respect to the brown-tail moth. The State appropriation is very nearly exhausted and the Federal Government is unable to aid in controlling this insect. In view of the fact that the insect is found in large numbers in a great many places, it is necessary, therefore, for property owners to cut off and burn the nests found on their own trees. If they do not do this, the trees are likely to be defoliated next summer and people living near the infested trees are liable to attacks from the dreaded brown-tail rash caused by minute hairs shed by the caterpillars during the last half of their existence. Some of the outlying district have been gone over carefully by representatives of the Board of Agriculture in order to prevent as far as possible, further enlargement of the infested territory but property owners in all parts of the State should acquaint themselves with the appearance of the winter nests so that they can report nests if found on their trees and so far as possible cut them off and burn them. Specimen minutes both of the gypsy and brown-tail moths can be found in all the libraries of the State. The State Board of Agriculture will be glad to furnish circulars and other information giving methods of control.

No Honor At All.

A section foreman on one of the great lines came under the notice of the president of the road, who had been observant of the manner in which the track had been maintained. Having graduated from an humble position, the officer knew what it meant to get a pat on the back.

He called the section boss to the side of his car, gave him a drink of whiskey without any chaws in it and a perfecto cigar, says the Chicago Post. Then he told him how he appreciated his work and adjured him to keep it up.

The district dignitary stowed away the perfecto in smoke of a Sunday, and after he had consumed the drink took a on the handcar to put it all over the foreman of the adjoining section.

The latter listened to the narrative with poorly assumed control.

"Was the see-gar lighted when he gave it to ye?" he inquired.

"Not on yer life—why so?"

"Well, because he shit for me three months ago—alongside his car, and throw wan at me, but it was burnin'."

Not Quite Right.

A story is being told of a couple of tourists in Spain who could not speak the language, and consequently had some difficulty in making known their wants.

One day they came to a wayside inn and tried to obtain some meat—roast beef, for choice. But nobody could understand them.

"What are we to do?" asked one of them despairingly.

"I know!" said the other, a ray of hope appearing. "I'll draw a picture of a cow. Then they'll understand.

He made a rough sketch of a cow, put a "2" beneath it, and handed it to the waiter, who instantly smiled to show that he understood, and went off to execute their order.

A few minutes later he returned with two tickets for a local bull fight.—Pearson's.

Meant Nothing Wrong.

Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, the president of the University of Virginia, tells this story, illustrating the importance of being careful in criticism:

"I knew of a certain instructor in rhetoric who always impressed upon his students the necessity of clarity in what they wrote. A young man brought on one occasion a very carefully prepared essay.

"A good piece of work," said the instructor, "but, Mr. Smith, you should remember to write every sentence so that the most ignorant person can understand every word you put down."

The young man looked worried and asked, anxiously:

"What part of my essay was not clear to you, professor."—Popular Magazine.

Let Him Down Easy.

A lawsuit was recently in full swing, and during its progress a witness was cross-examined as to the habits and character of the defendant.

"Has Mr. M. a reputation for being abnormally lazy?" asked counsel briskly.

"Well, sir, it's this way"—

"Will you kindly answer the question asked?" struck in the irascible lawyer.

"Well, sir, I was going to say it's this way. I don't want to do the gentleman in question any injustice. And I won't go so far as to say, sir, that he's lazy exactly, but if it required any voluntary work on his part to digest his food—why, he'd die from lack of nourishment, sir."—London Answers.

Bridget's Philosophy.

My cook once gave voice to a bit of wisdom that has made her memory blessed. She had been misbehaving to our needs for about three weeks when she suddenly decided to depart from the domestic routine and take an extra afternoon "off."

"But you can't go, Bridget," I said. "It is not your day."

"But I will."

"Very well, if you go you cannot come back."

"All right, Miss, but I'm agoin' just the same." And she departed to her room to pack.

A cookless Monday loomed up before me and more important still, the man I have since married was coming to dinner last night. Trying to gain a little comfort in gazing at my neighbor's windows across the way, and wondering if all cooks were "norrid," slowly descending steps caused me to turn sideward. There stood Bridget, minus bag and bundle, but enveloped in the whitest of starched aprons and wearing, besides, an expression of excitement.

"Oh, Bridget," I cried, "so you are not going!"

"No, miss, she said, with a little twinkle—"no miss, wan of us must have sinse."

One of us must have sense! Cook, ignorant Irish girl, or angel, many a time has the message she delivered been fruitful of peace and harmony in the family.—Harper's Bazar.

Playing The Cards.

Appropriately enough, with the home rule question so much to the front, a newly published volume of biography gives a good story of Mr. Gladstone and his then Bishop of Peterborough, the famous Dr. Magee. The two were dining together, and Dr. Magee, in the course of conversation, made it plain that he thought the government was not acting straightforwardly.

"I am afraid, Dr. Magee," Mr. Gladstone remarked, "that, Irishman as you are are, you do not approve of our method of dealing with Ireland."

"It's not your dealing that I don't like," the bishop retorted, "so much as your shuffling!"—Pearson's Weekly.

The Demons.

"Critics are fine guys," said an English actor, but I must confess that when condemn your play you feel annoyed.

"I wonder why we call the people in the top of the house 'gods'" an actress asked an unsuccessful playwright once.

"'We do that,' the unsuccessful playwright answered, 'so as to distinguish them from the people in the bottom of the house who write the criticisms.'"

Every Man to his Trade.

Mrs. Newly Wedd—Is this the taxidermist?

Man on the Telephone—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. Newly Wedd—Well, how much would you charge to come up here and stuff the turkey we're going to have for Christmas dinner, I myself don't know how.—Woman's Home Companion.

"Did you hear Congressman Wombat's speech?"

"I did that."

"What did he say about those charges of grafting which have been brought against him?"

"He didn't touch on that subject. But he said the Constitution must and shall be preserved."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Myl You wanted fried potatoes, didn't you?" said the careless waitress as the customer in the restaurant finished his meal and rose to leave.

"That's all right," answered the patient man. "I've wanted so many things all my life that I didn't get I'm used to it."—Newark News.

An actor and a retired army man were discussing the perils of their respective callings.

"How would you like to stand with shells bursting all round you?" the general demanded.

"Well," replied the actor, "it depends on the age of the egg."

His Chief End of Travel—"I wouldn't miss the Pyramids for worlds."

"I am glad to see somebody interested in scientific research."

"It isn't that. I want to have my photograph taken standing in front of the main dump."—Louisville Courier Journal.

"So you are a Socialist. By the way, what is the Socialist emblem?"

"A custard pie—no upper crust."—Boston Transcript.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

Hez Kirk says it is not enuf to put over a good deal. You must git over with it.

Every day in this city thousands of persons eat too much at dinner, and, as a consequence, suffer from Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, &c. If these will take just one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after eating, they will be surprised by the entire absence of those unpleasant feelings which daily distress them, and may continue in their improper course of eating big dinners without fear. Only one little pill remember.

Too many smart persons let an education interfere with their originality.

Palpitation of the heart, sour stomach, trembling nervous headache, cold hands and feet, pain in the back, and other forms of weakness are relieved by Carter's Iron Pills, made specially for the blood, nerves and complexion.

There is a difference between talkin' tam ble to yourself and talkin' for somethin'.

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her, now why not be fair about it and buy her a box?

He enjoy much who is thankful for little.—Leckes.

There are many forms of nervous debility in men that yield to the use of Carter's Iron Pills. Those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, etc., should try them.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

All Sorts.

Teacher—Tommy, what is the meaning of the word futility?

Tommy—I don't know, exactly, but an example of it would be trying to tickle a turtle's back with a chicken feather.—Youngstown Telegram.

Judge—You saw the prisoner steal the sheet of music? What happened next?

Witness—Then he walked out of the store with an abstracted air, your honor.

"They tell me your boy Josh is very versatile."

"He is," replied Farmer Corntossel patiently. "I never saw anybody who could do so many foul things without repeatin' himself."—Washington Star.

It was in a Chestnut street restaurant.

"Waiter," he complained, "I smell fresh paint."

"If you'll wait a minute, sir," answered the obsequious functionary, "those young ladies will have gone away."

His Prayer—The Garelles returned home from the mountains one day last week. Next morning the little daughter of the family announced: "I heard papa say his prayers last night."

"What did he say, dear?"

"He said, 'Thank God for this bed.'"—Newark News.

Truth Will Out—The Candidate (having quoted the words of an eminent statesman in support of an argument)—And mind you, these are not my words. This is not merely my opinion. These are the words of a man who knows what he is talking about.—London Sketch.

"The times are hard, my dear," said a man to his better half, "and I find it extremely difficult to keep my nose above water."

"You could easily keep your nose above water," returned the lady, "if you didn't keep it so often above brandy."—London Answers.

All Busy—"But, say, those lawbreakers are getting away with their plunder! Can somebody, quick!"

"No use. Seven of the trust-busting lawyers are busy making out their bills and the rest of 'em are down to the Cashier's office with him hearts drawing their pay."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not What She Needed Most.—"I am sending you a thousand kisses," he wrote to his fair young wife, who was spending her first month away from him.

Two days later he received the following telegram:

"Kisses received. Landlord refuses to accept any of them on account."

Then he woke up and forwarded a check.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Explained His Mistake.—"The more I think of it the more I am convinced that I made a mistake when I married you," he exclaimed. She drew herself up proudly.

"You can undo it," she replied.

"Alas, it is too late!" he said. "I suppose the organist has already spent the ten dollars I intended to give the minister and the minister has excommunicated me for the two dollars he got."

Gibbs—Your wife seems to be a contrary sort of woman.

Dibbs—Contrary? Why, whenever I ask her to darn my stockings she knits her brows.—Boston Transcript.

Visitor—You seem to have a poor ball team this year.

Native—Yes, the same old story. We started out with a squad of nine "wonders," seven "thinks," six "phenomenas" and only three ball players.—Brooklyn Life.

A Business Woman—"His wife is a business woman all right."

"What makes you say that?"

"She's installed a time-clock in the hall and he has to punch it when he goes out and when he gets back."—Detroit Free Press.

Visitor I suppose you will vote as your father did?

Native (sadly) Nope, we won't get a single cent for ours.—Judge.

Hub You say I've only one fault, Well, if that's all, I can't be such a bad husband.

Wife William, a quarter with a hole in it has only one fault, but what use is it?

Tommy Pop, why is a wife called the better half?

Tommy's Pop In order, my son that she may not get the impression that she is the whole thing.—Philadelphia Record.

"You must take exercise," said the physician, "and, by all means, worry less. Play golf."

"Doctor," replied the patient, "you mean well, but a man who plays my kind of a golf game can't help worrying."—Washington Star.

"I see another one of your patients is dead."

"Yes, and I am greatly perturbed over his case. I gave him two kinds of medicine and I don't know which one it was that killed him."—Judge.

A Connecticut man has departed this life leaving instructions that only temperance workers act as pallbearers at his funeral. He seemed to be particular who handled his bier.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Mrs. Benham Before you married me you said that I was a queen.

Benham Well, I no longer believe in monarchial form of government.—Chicago News.

"What! Going out again tonight?" began Mrs. Nagg.

"Oh, no; just this once," replied her husband, with aggravating cheerfulness. "It will be too late when I get back to go out again."—Phila. Ledger.

A Short Ride.—Jonah entered the whale.

"This is the original water wagon," he exclaimed.

Herewith none wondered that he remained aboard only three days.—N. Y. Sun.

"She holds peculiar views of matrimony."

"That so?"

"Yes. She says that even if her husband shouldn't make a fortune in five years she expects to stick to him until death."—Detroit Free Press.

It Was Lizzie's Cup.

"I wouldn't drink out of that cup," said little Willie to the well-dressed young visitor; "that's Lizzie's cup, and she's very particular who drinks out of it."

"Ah," said the young man, as he drained the cup dry, "I feel honored to drink out of Lizzie's cup. Lizzie is your youngest sister, isn't she?"

"Not much. Lizzie is my dog."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1913.

Queries

7288. DUNHAM—Can any one tell me whether any descendants of the Dunham Family mentioned in Query 7261 Newport MERCURY of January 25, 1913, ever lived in Salem County, New Jersey?—L. S. B.

7289. CHAPMAN—I am hunting for the ancestry of Mary Chapman who married Isaac Kendall of Ashford, Conn., in 1781-2. She was a daughter or granddaughter of one of the following, undoubtedly:

Isaac Chapman was a proprietor there in 1708. William Chapman and wife, Anne and John appeared there 1712, 1718. A Thomas appears soon after, undoubtedly a son of one of these, who married Mary Throop at Lebanon, Conn., in 1739. It is this Throop ancestry which leads me to Bristol, R. I., and Newport, R. I.

The first Ralph Chapman was in Marshfield, Mass., and died there in 1671, leaving sons Ralph, Isaac and John. The son Ralph, appeared in Newport and a fair account of him and his children appears in Austin's R. I. Dictionary, which please see. Among the children was a son, William, eligible to have been the William of Ashford, Conn., but Austin records his death while a child, which may be an error.

A daughter of the first Ralph Chapman married William Throop of Barnstable, who moved to Bristol, R. I., and he is the descendant of Mary Throop who married Thomas Chapman at Lebanon, which all indicates that this is the right family.

A couple of years ago the Grafton Magazine, which after two years issue expired as a publication, printed some extracts from Newport Wills of three Chapmans around about that date of 1700, but they are very indefinite and appear to have been taken from some magazine called the Newport Magazine of Newport Intelligencer.

HIST. ONTARIO CO. N. Y. Vol. 2, P. 441.

Children of William and Mary Chapman Throop were:

Mary Throop b. 6 Apr. 1667, m. 4 Nov. 1686, John Barney.

Elizabeth, b. about 1669 d. 14 June 1729 m. 31 Mar. 1695, Jonathan Peck.

Daniel, b. about 1670 m. (1) Dorcas Barney, (2) Deborah Masey (3) DeLorah Church.

John, b. about 1676 d. 25 Jan. 1772, m. (1) Nov. 25, 1697, Rebecca Quirt, (2) Oct. —— 1782, Susannah Taylor.

William, b. about 1678-9 m. 20 Mch. 1698-9 Martha Colyn or Colye.

Thomas, b. about 1681 d. Sept. 18th, 1756, m. (1) 18 Nov. 1702 Abigail Ware, m. (2) April —— 1742 Zipporah d. or wid. Samuel Munn.

Mercy Throop.

Lydia Throop b. 15 July, 1686.

William Throop b. England d. Bristol, R. I., 4 Dec. 1701, m. in Barnstable 4 May, 1686. Mary (d. Ralph and Lydia Willis (or Wellis) Chapman) of Marshfield, Mass. She was born 31 Oct. 1643 and d. in Bristol —— June 1732. Her father emigrated in the ELIZABETH from London in 1635. Age 20 years from Southwark in Surrey. He m. 28 Nov. 1642 and d. about 1672, and had Sarah Chapman m. William Notcott and had Isaac Chapman, m. Sarah d. James Leonard, and had Ralph Chapman m. (8 wife) Mary d. of Gov. Clarke of R. I.)

This family should not be confounded with the Chapmans of Saybrook, Conn., with whom they have no connection. Page 441, Vol. II. Hist. Ontario Co. N. Y. (1911).—O. E. M.

7290. RHODE ISLAND PAPER MILLS—Can any one furnish information concerning early paper mills in Rhode Island, and especially in the Southern part of the State?—R. J. L.

7291. HOLMES—Would like to connect the Obadiah Holmes of Staten Island, New York, with Rev. Obadiah, of Rhode Island. He was Treasurer of Richmond County. In Feb. 1689, he gave to his son Obadiah, Jr., a tract of 80 acres, "being half of 160 acres on Staten Island granted to me by Col. Thomas Dungan, late Lieut. Governor and Admiral of New York." Was this Obadiah, Jr., the father or grandfather of Obadiah, born Staten Island 1760? In 1723, there was an Obadiah Holmes in Dutch Church Records, who had a son Joseph.—S. B. V.

7292. COGGESHALL—Elisha Coggeshall, born 1725, died Dec. 28, 1808, married Elizabeth Russell, who died Mar. 14, 1802. Who were his ancestors?—E. S.

7293. JACOBS—In following up an old family claim it is necessary to obtain data concerning the following people; first of all one Abigail Jacobs who was born in Newport in 1792. This lady had two brothers, Ralph and Isaac, and a sister whose name I do not know, but would like to obtain. I should like, if possible to obtain the following dates: The exact date of birth and of marriage of Abigail Jacobs, who married Jacob Benesdon, who was born in Gibraltar. The date of birth and death of Ralph and, Isaac Jacobs. Lastly the date of birth and marriage of the sister whose name I do not know, who was married to Francis Joseph of New York. What I should particularly like to discover, is the name, the date of birth and death, of the parents of this Abigail Jacobs. It is possible that they were born in Holland and only died in Newport, and my search would be made considerably more simple if I knew from what place in Holland they came.—L. G. M.

ANSWERS.

7285. CLARKE—Is this the Samuel Clarke referred to? The following is an abstract from a will at Jamestown, Jan. 2, 1762

4 children.

Joseph Clarke.

Mary, married Stephen Wanton.

Lydia.

Hannah, married Matthew Borden.

Gave to grandson Lewis Latham Clarke two lots of land situate lying or being on the point in the County of Newport aforesaid which are adjoin to the point Bridge.

On first day the eighteenth of Oct. 1761 died at his house in Jamestown, Samuel Clarke Esqr., in the 76 year of his age and on Wednesday the 21 following his remains were decently Interr'd in the Friends Burying Ground belonging to s'd town.

Hannah Clarke, daughter of Samuel Clarke, and Mary his wife, was born at Portsmouth the 12 day of the eleventh month, 1713.

Mary Clarke, daughter of Samuel Clarke and Mary, born Portsmouth Dec. 28, 1715.

Joseph, born at Jamestown, Dec. 12, 1721-2.—L. C.

ADVANCE ON TURKS' LINES

Allies Press Forward Toward Ottoman Capital

FIGHTING NOW IS FURIOUS

Wounded Beginning to Arrive at Constantinople—Bulgarians Will Feed the Hungry of Adrianople Regardless of Religion or Nationality—Official Story of Taking of Adrianople

Sofia, March 28.—The great Bulgarian army operating in front of the Turkish line of defenses at Tchatalja received orders to take the offensive simultaneously with the advance against Adrianople by the combined Servian and Bulgarian besieging force. During three days, beginning on Sunday, constant assaults on the Turkish works at various points of the Tchatalja lines were carried out. The Turkish defenders opposed the advance of the Bulgarians with five divisions of infantry and a brigade of cavalry, supported by Ottoman warships at each end of the line. The result of the fighting was a steady advance by the Bulgarian troops, who reoccupied their old positions in front of the principal forts along the line which they had abandoned at the beginning of winter.

The Bulgarian army investing the lines of Tchatalja pressed on a determined attack at dawn yesterday. The assaults were directed against the Turkish centre and right wing. A number wounded arrived at Constantinople from the Tchatalja lines. Serious fighting has occured on the Turkish left wing, where the Ottoman troops encountered superior forces of Bulgarians. Three battalions of infantry who formed the Turkish outposts fought like lions and succeeded in inflicting heavy losses on the Bulgarians.

The Bulgarian council of ministers has decided to distribute flour and other foodstuffs to the value of $24,000 among the poorer inhabitants of Adrianople, without distinction of religion or nationality. Crowds filled the streets of Sofia throughout last night rejoicing over the fall of the Turkish stronghold.

The official Bulgarian story of the taking of Adrianople says: The commander of the second army received orders on March 23 to attack and carry the outlying positions of the Turks in the east section. The following day at 2 o'clock fire was opened in all sections by the field batteries, the Turks replying with siege guns. The duel lasted until 8 o'clock in the evening. Toward 3:30 o'clock next morning the Bulgarian infantry advanced on the Kumdere, which they crossed at 4:15. At the same time the siege guns opened on the Turkish positions. The enemy replied with violent infantry and artillery fire on the advancing columns which, however, pushed forward, and at daybreak, at the point of the bayonet, carried the outlying positions.

Twelve guns and 300 men were captured. Simultaneously the troops in the southern section captured Pamukrytty and carried on offensive action against Oaktabir and Dudjaror, while the Servian infantry occupied the hill to the northwest of Kadikeui and another Servian division captured Ekmektchikeui. The Danube Servian division attacked Papastepi.

The siege artillery tried all day to master the Turkish guns and destroy the forts. Under cover of this the troops of the eastern division continued to advance, and at 10 o'clock reached within 300 yards of a fort where 1000 men and twenty-one guns were captured. These guns were at once brought into action against the enemy and other forts were taken. During the course of the night infantry destroyed a series of artificial obstacles and at daybreak carried at the point of the bayonet the whole line of forts.

The first Bulgarian troops entered Adrianople at 9 o'clock in the morning. They found the city in flames and the inhabitants fleeing in terror in all directions. Shukri Pasha not only blew up all the powder magazines and the barracks, but also set fire to every large building in the city, including, it is reported, Selim's mosque. When the Turks abandoned the forts they ran in disorder to the centre of Adrianople.

Families Marooned in School

Dennison, O., March 28.—Eighteen families are marooned in the schoolhouse at Port Washington, ten miles west of here, on the Tuscarawas river.

The Savings Bank of Newport

(INCORPORATED A. D. 1819.)

NOTICE.

The laws of Rhode Island require Savings Banks to publish in the month of July, 1913, a list of depositors whose books have not been presented at the bank within twenty years prior to June 30, 1913.

To avoid such publication, depositors and custodians of bank books are requested to present them at the bank to be written up.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

3-1-tf

OUR SPRING COLLECTION

A WONDERLAND OF BEAUTY.

Variety is the spice of life.

Our collection of the novel "filling in pieces" so to speak, has converted even this beautiful store into a veritable museum of beautiful artistic things for home decorations.

"Spice"

Many a well furnished room will gain immeasurably in decorative effect by the addition of some single and novel piece in unique design—a table, chair or a lamp perhaps.

We have not stopped at novelty in old ideas but have introduced much that is genuinely new, that your home may be made a matter of pleasing comment.

It is not to encourage extravagance that we offer these pieces at exceptionally reasonable prices, they are necessary to 20th Century home happiness.

Do not forget that variety gives "Spice"—adds charm to the artistic beauty of the picture.

You'll find much pleasure as well as profit in a careful painstaking investigation.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

Saved Anxious Hours

ONE busy morning Mrs. Brown missed little three-year old Bobbie. She sent the maid around the neighborhood, but no one had seen him. Much frightened, she called the police station. A patrolman had picked up the little fellow and brought him to the station. In a little while he was restored to his mother's arm, by a big policeman.

The telephone had saved the mother many hours of anxiety.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE COMPANY — LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE — AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM

Providence Telephone Co.

CONTRACT DEPT. 142 Spring St.

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance.

When You Come to Plan Your Summer Vacation

You'll need the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad's summer resort book. It contains a list of two thousand summer hotels and boarding cottages, and tells their location and capacity and rate per day and per week. Ask for the

MANUAL OF SUMMER RESORTS

The easily accessible and most popular resorts of Southern New England are mentioned in this book—places where you can enjoy a most delightful vacation at very moderate cost.

Write today for a copy. Address Advertising Bureau, Room 728, South Station, Boston.

Vice President Marshall announces that he believes thoroughly in a tariff for revenue only. We have had Democratic Presidents and Democratic Congresses who held such beliefs and the result was the empty dinner pail and Coxey Army of unemployed marching on Washington.

Director A. S. Robertson of the New Haven road says: "If the government continues whacking away at the railroads as they have been doing, every railroad in the United States will be in the hands of a receiver in 10 years.

"Publicity" is acquired by different methods. If you fail in your attempt to convince established business men that unless they adopt your brand of "publicity" they are condemned fools, you always have recourse to the easier way of running off with another man's wife and leaving a trail of worthless checks behind. But this may not be the "kind of advertising that will just suit you."

—"A man is known by the importance of the things which he gets angry about."—Puck.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives,
Providence, March 20, 1913.

Public Hearing.

Fraternal Insurance.

The Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 230, entitled "An Act in amendment of Chapter 805, of the Public Laws, entitled

"An Act for the regulation and control of Fraternal Benefit Societies, approved April 19, 1912,

in Committee Room 228, State House, Providence, on

Wednesday, March 26, 1913,

upon the rising of the House.

ARTHUR P. SUMNER, Chairman.
ARTHUR A. RHODES, Clerk. 3-22

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives,
Providence, March 27, 1913.

Public Hearing.

Boston and Providence Interurban Electric Railroad Company.

The Committee on Corporations of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in the bill entitled

"An Act to Incorporate Boston and Providence Interurban Electric Railroad Company,"

in Committee Room 313, State House, Providence, on

Tuesday, April 1st, 1913,

upon the rising of the House.

ALBERT H. LANGWORTHY, Chairman.
J. J. ROSENFELD, Clerk. 3-29-1w

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by Patrick H. Welch and Mary Ellen Welch, wife of said Patrick H. Welch to Ruth Peckham and Paul T. Peckham, bearing date June 30th, A. D. 1907, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Mortgages, Volume 41, pages 192 and 193, breach of the conditions of said mortgage having been made and still existing, the holder of the mortgaged will sell at public auction upon the premises hereinafter described, on the 5th day of April, A. D. at twelve o'clock noon, all the right, title and interest which the said Patrick H. Welch and Mary Ellen Welch had at the time of the execution of said mortgage and did convey by said mortgage in and to that certain parcel of land situate in the City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, described as follows: Beginning at a point on the southerly side of Thurston Avenue, ten hundred and forty-two and twenty-five one-hundredths (1042.25) feet, westerly from Broadway; thence running westerly one hundred and twenty-six and twenty-five one hundredths (126.25) feet, more or less, bounded northerly by Thurston Avenue; thence running northerly two hundred and forty (240 feet, more or less, bounded easterly by a way forty (40) feet wide, leading from Thurston Avenue to Bellow Avenue; thence westerly along the southerly side of Bellow Avenue, one hundred and ninety-seven and five tenths (197.5) feet, more or less, to land of John L. Cummings; thence southerly, bounded westerly by land now or formerly belonging to said Cummings, seven hundred and sixty-seven (767) feet, more or less, to Malbone Avenue; thence easterly one hundred and forty-six (146) feet, along the northerly side of Malbone Avenue to land of Home for Friendless Children, thence turning and running northerly, bounded easterly by land of said Home for Friendless Children, seven hundred and fifteen feet and thirty-five one hundredths (715.35) feet, more or less; thence turning and running northwesterly, bounded northeasterly by land of Ethan S. Thurston, Clarence C. Thurston and Sarah C. Thurston, his wife, in her right, thirty-six and five-tenths (36.5) feet, more or less, to the point of beginning, this last aforesaid line being at right angles with the southerly side of Thurston Avenue; said tract or parcel of land containing one hundred and forty-two thousand four hundred and fifty six (142,456) square feet, more or less, being the same premises conveyed by Ruth Peckham and Paul T. Peckham, to said Patrick H. Welch by deed bearing date the 30th day of October, A. D. 1907. Said premises being all that was granted by said mortgage deed which deed is made a part hereof.

The holder of said mortgage hereby gives notice of his intention to bid for said property at said sale.

ISRAEL J. JOSEPHSON,
3-15- 4w Holder of Mortgage.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed executed by Patrick H. Welch and Mary E. Welch (in the right of the said Mary E. Welch), both of the City of Newport in the State of Rhode Island to Israel J. Josephson, of said City of Newport, bearing date the 3rd day of June, A. D. 1909, and recorded in Volume 15 of Mortgages, Land Evidence of Newport, at pages 216 to 218; there having been default in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed which default still exists, there will be sold at public auction, on the premises hereinafter described in the City of Newport, on the fifth day of April, A. D. 1913, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, all those certain three lots of land located in said City of Newport known and delineated on a plat of lands made by Captain Cotton, C. E., as lots No. 37, 38 and 39, bounded and described as follows: North on a proposed street or way leading from Malbone Road to Thurston Avenue, one hundred and twenty feet; East by land of I. J. Josephson, seventy-five feet; West by other land of Mary E. Welch, seventy-five feet, and South by land of the Home for Friendless Children, one hundred and twenty feet, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

The mortgagee hereby gives notice of his intention to bid for said property at said sale.

ISRAEL J. JOSEPHSON,
Mortgagee.

3-15-4w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.
March 17, A. D. 1913.

Estate of Susan G. Chase.

DANIEL M. CHASE presents to this Court his petition in writing, praying that an instrument in writing therewith presented, bearing date September 23, 1904, purporting to be the last will and testament of Susan G. Chase, single woman, late of said Middletown, deceased, may be proved and allowed and letters testamentary issued to him, as the sole Executor thereof.

It is ordered that said petition be referred for consideration, to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twenty-first day of April next, A. D. 1913, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
3-22-3w Probate Clerk.

IF YOU WANT THE

BEST SEEDS

Come to Our Place

Fernando Barker.

Probate Court of the City of Newport,
March 15th, 1913.

Estate of Patrick R. Condon.

JOHN H. MEADE, Administrator of the estate of Patrick R. Condon, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of his funeral, and of supporting his family, and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased at the time of his death, was seized and possessed of all that certain lot or parcel of land with the dwelling house and other improvements thereon situate in the City and County of Newport in the State of Rhode Island, and bounded and described as follows: southerly by Sanford Street; westerly partly by land now or formerly of Howard Sweet, and partly by land now or formerly of Margaret A. Buckley; and easterly by Farewell Street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

And further representing, that, by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured, as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein.

And praying that he may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to make up the deficiency of the personal estate, for the purpose aforesaid, with incidental charges; and said petition is received and referred to the thirty-first day of March instant at ten o'clock, A. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
3-15-3w Clerk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., March 8, 1913.

Estate of Julia M. Vaill.

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Julia M. Vaill, late of the Town of Pelham, Westchester County, State of New York, deceased, is presented for the purpose of being filed and recorded with a petition praying that Katherine V. Howard, one of the executors named in said will may be appointed executrix thereof; and the same is received and referred to the twenty-ninth day of March at 3 o'clock in the afternoon at the Probate Court Room in said Town of New Shoreham for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published fourteen days, once a week in The Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
3-8-4w Clerk

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., March 15, 1913.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of AUGUST S. SWANSON, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ALTON H. MOTT,
3-15-3w Administrator.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., March 3d, 1913.

Estate of Lorenzo Littlefield.

REQUEST in writing is made by Clarence R. Littlefield, of Pawtucket, R. I., one of the two heirs at law, next of kin and residuary legatees and devisees, under the Will of Lorenzo Littlefield, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, that the said Clarence Littlefield, of Pawtucket, R. I., or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administrator de bonis non, with the Will annexed, on the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the 7th day of April, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
3-15-3w Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport,
March 14th, 1913.

Estate of Patrick R. Condon.

John H. Meade, Administrator of the estate of Patrick R. Condon, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his first account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance; and the same is received, and referred to the thirty-first day of March instant at ten o'clock, a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
3-15-3w Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, March 13th, 1913.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of ANNIE MEAD, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

3-15-3w GEORGE H. MEAD.

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